MONKEES LIVE WITH THEM SHARE THEIR SECRETS

SPEC 16 MAGAZINE

35c

FALL — 67

PDC

PLUS 200 SUPER NEW GA-GA-PIX

5 DREAMY COLOR PIN-UPS & SCOOPS

MARK · FREDDY
DAVY · PETER
MICKY · MIKE
CHARLIE · JOE · REVERE
ON · JAY
CONVERSE
DINO RASCAL
D&B · HERMAN

BEAUTIFUL TLES

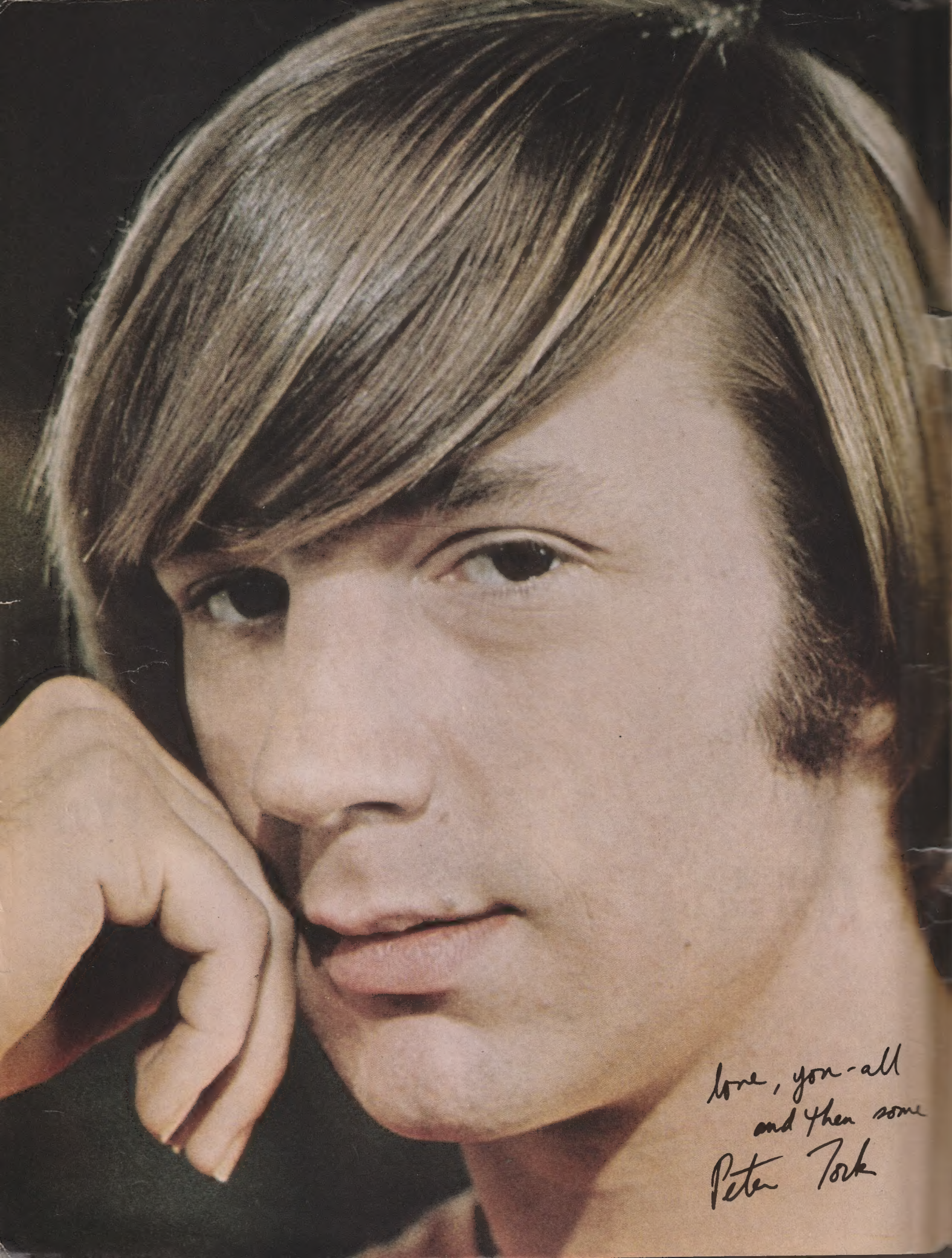
PHIL (THE FARMER) VOLK

JIM (THE POET) MORRISON

RASCALS REVEALED
DC5-DREAM DATE
STONES SURPRIZE!

DAVY ALONE AT HOME WITH HIM!

50 TOP-STAR AUTOGRAPHS


love, you-all
and then some
Peter Tork

16's FALL SPEC '67

No. 11

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PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

JIM MORRISON

DAVY

FREDDY

DINO RASCAL

MR. SPOCK

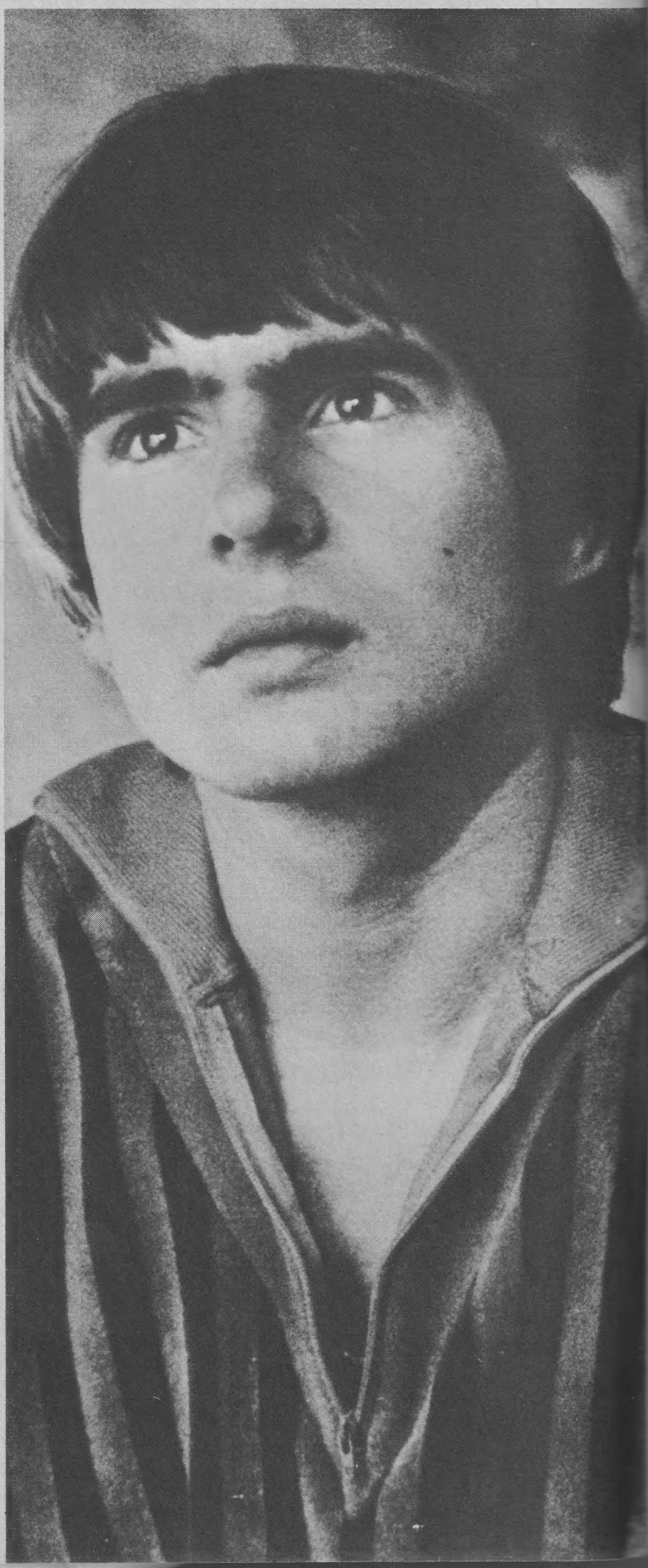
MARK

SAM

All of these turned-on, tuned-in sketches were executed, of course, by 16's talented teenager, Frenchy Blanch.

A DAY IN THE LIFE— OF DAVY JONES

Are you ready for a Dreamy Day, a Just Too Lovely Day, an All Too Wonderful Day of Days in which YOU are alone *with David Jones? No need to pinch yourself — it isn't just your imagination working overtime. It's really, actually* happening *to YOU! You and Davy are Alone Together right now . . . right here.*



AT LAST — believe it or not — Davy Jones has a day all to himself, or rather, all to *yourselves* — because today *you* are invited to share the private world of "Davy Jones at home" *with* Davy.

"MR. GRUMPY"

Davy begins this day in not too good a mood, but that doesn't make it any different from any other day. You see, Davy is usually somewhat grumpy when he gets up in the morning. But you're not disheartened, cos — as you well know — the roaring tiger turns into a purring pussycat as soon as he's had his "morning feeding". For brunch today, Davy has selected corn flakes, bananas and milk — easy to fix, and besides, it's Kelloggs!

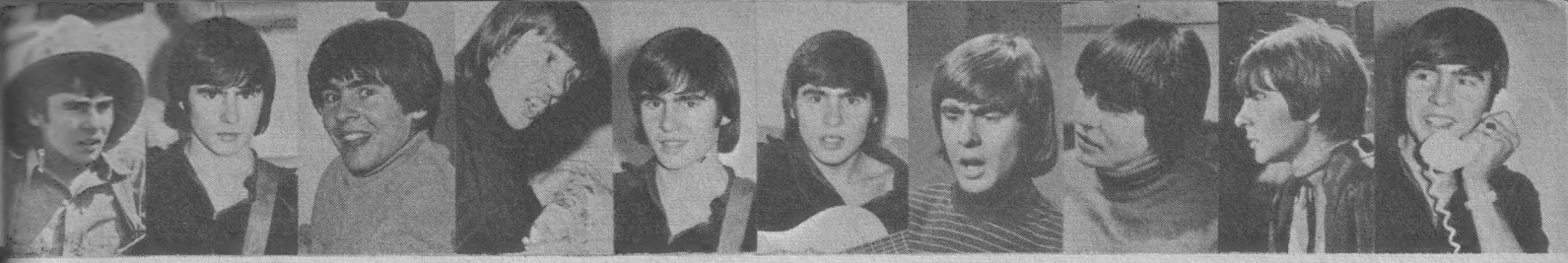
Noontime finds him in his bathing trunks and strolling out to the gorgeous pool by his English-type, white wooden "cottage" high in the Hollywood hills. David's new home is completely rustic, with not only a white picket fance around it but also a real, old-fashioned thatched roof overhead.

DAVY'S DELIGHT

Davys delight is to stretch out in the sun by the pool and rest for hours. You don't mind, because even if there's not much conversation there are lots of "good Davy-Jones-type vibrations" — and besides, where else on earth could you find a better view? Just before the sun sinks into the bright blue Western skies, Davy suddenly wakes up and rolls over and — splash! — he's in the pool. But don't be alarmed. That's just another one of his pranks. Davy is quite a good swimmer and you can rest assured that he's quite all right.

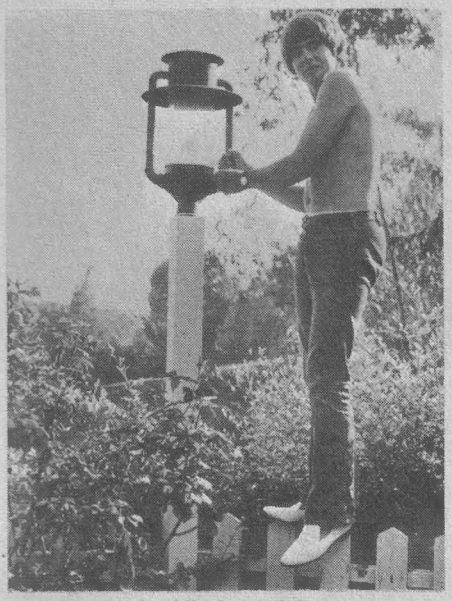
Well, enough of this peace and serenity! The cold water fills David full of beans again and in a matter of seconds, he's all spruced up and you're hopping into his GTO — and you both are flying down the hill toward the bright lights of the Sunset Strip! Davy might take you just *anywhere*, but you can count on it that his first stop will be a groovy restaurant. Tonight Davy is in an "Italian" mood, so its quite likely that you'll be dining at either Martonis or La Scala — both world-famous for their candlelit atmosphere, superb Italian dishes and star-filled tables and booths. In fact, youll probably rub elbows with such stars as Dino Martin, Jr., Sonny and Cher, Dino Danelli and Sally Field.

Later, Davy will cruise down the Strip until he sees a club advertising a good rock 'n' roll group, like the Jefferson Airplane, or an individual singer such as Dionne Warwick. Before your day with Davy has ended, you will not only have shared a time of fun and laughter, but you will also have gotten to know just a little bit more about this very dear and wonderful young man who brings so much happiness to so many people. And maybe — if you're lucky — you will have left a little bit of your own personal happiness *with* him.

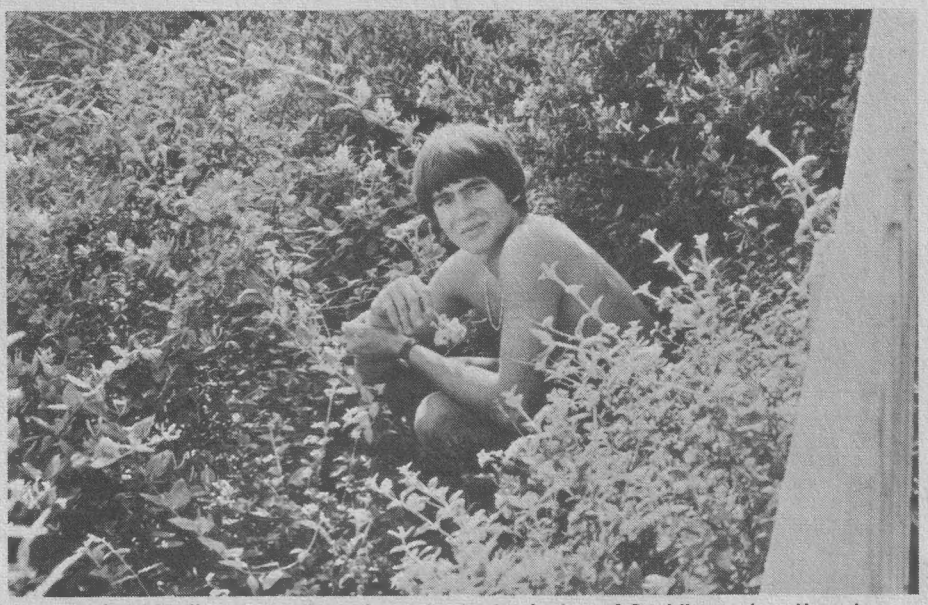


AT HOME WITH DAVID JONES

You're about to experience one of the loveliest times you've ever had — a very personal, very memorable visit with a very favorite Monkee.

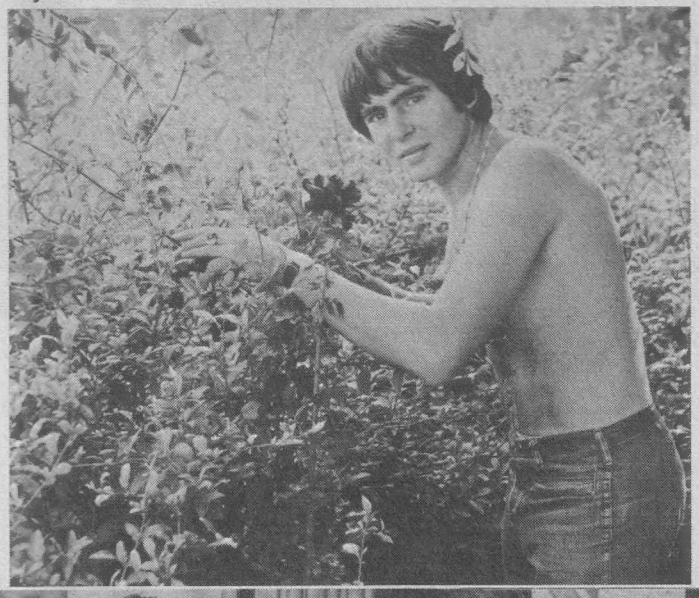


Welcome to David's house! As you approach, you can always tell it's his pad by the white picket fence and the old-fashioned English lantern in front. David brought the lantern up-to-date by adding a modern light bulb.

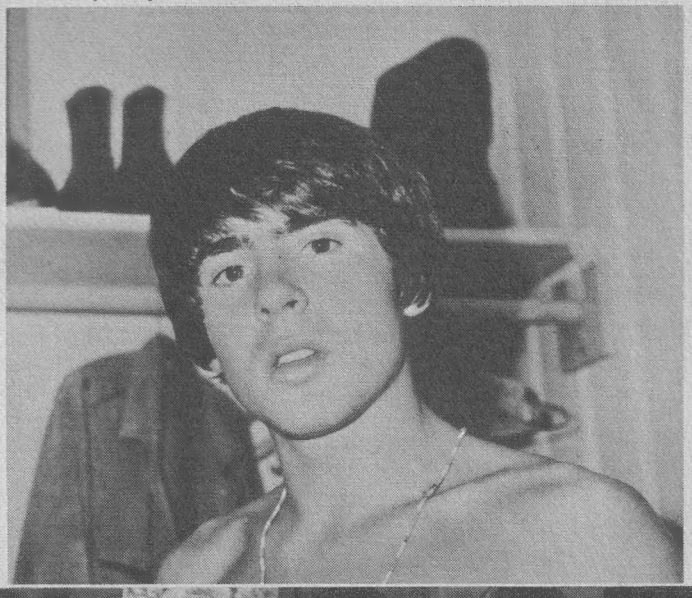


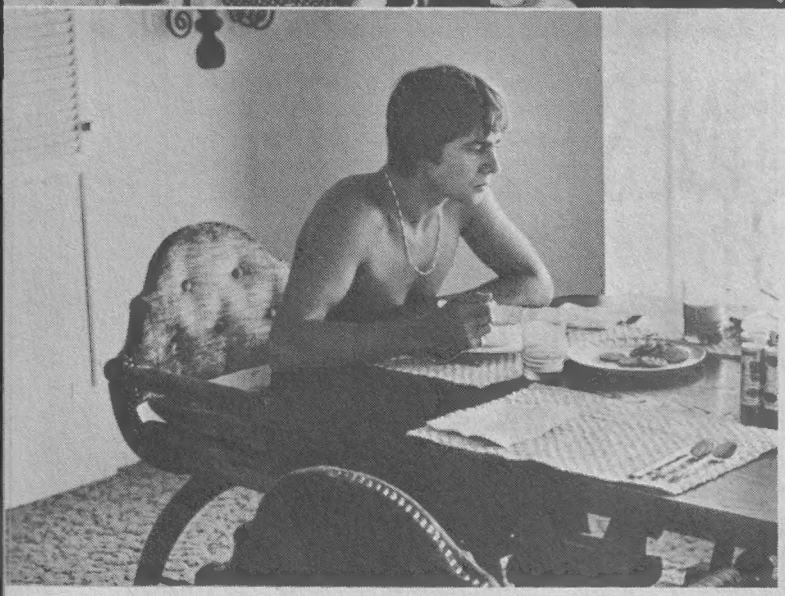
Behind the fence is the beginning of David's garden. How do you like it? David really "digs" it, because it is somewhat as he is — wild and untamed. Here he sits in a large bed of honeysuckle.

Before you enter the house, let David give you one of his beautiful red roses. They are rare, so it is a very special gift — from David to you.

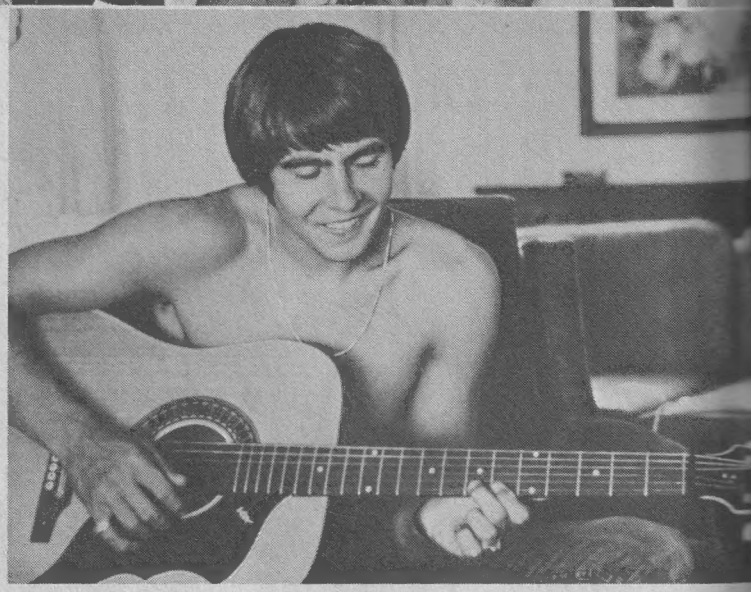


Welcome to the closet. Don't laugh—it's one of the few rooms David has completely "furnished." He's working on the others, though.

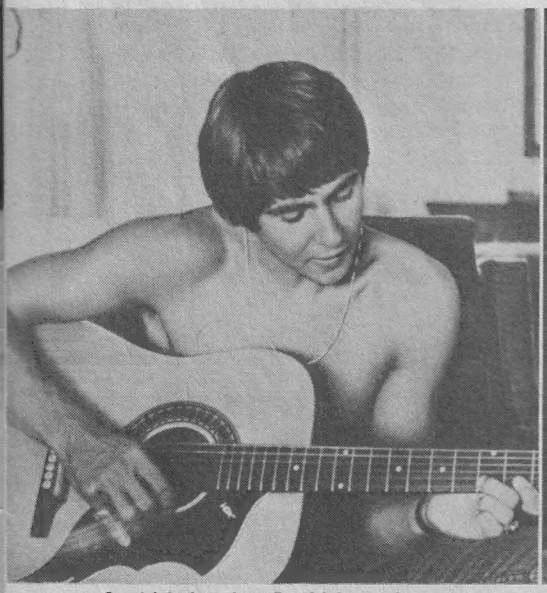




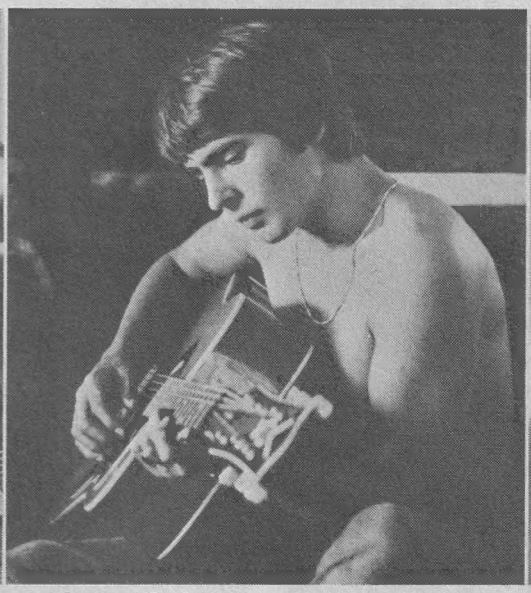
Yep, it's Davy—"Grumpy The First"—at brunch. He's not this way **all** the time. After his tummy is filled, he feels a lot better.



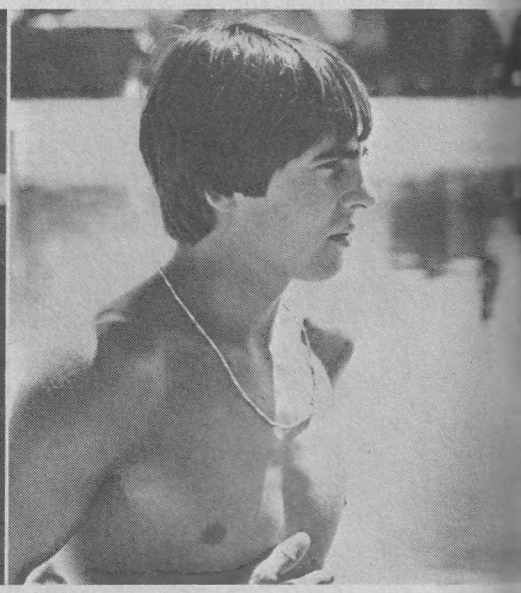
And when he picks up his guitar, he feels best of all. Delicious, in fact—as you can see by the sudden smile on his face.



Could it be that David is tuning up to play a love song to you—just **for** you?



It's true! David falls under the spell of his music and softly, meaningfully, he sings the words, his eyes lifting to meet yours.



The song ends—and Davy whisks you outside for a lovely, lazy siesta beside his pool. The pool is a very special favorite of Davy's; he has spent many happy hours bathing in it and day-dreaming beside it. But he has never been happier than now—**because you have shared his delight in it.**

TAKE THEM! THEY'RE YOURS!

40 MONKEE WALLET PHOTOS!

NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN PORTRAIT & CANDID PHOTOS OF DAVY, MICKY, PETER & MIKE.

YOU'LL BE THE "STAR" OF YOUR GROUP WHEN YOU FLASH THROUGH YOUR WALLET AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS SEE THESE "PERSONALIZED", BEAUTIFUL MONKEE PIX!

AND GET THIS — ZZAAPP!! — 20 OF THE SUPER OUTASITE 16-TYPE SNAPSHOTS ARE AUTOGRAPHED — AND EACH AUTOGRAPH IS DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER!

SO, ALL IN ALL, HERE'S WHAT YOU GET: 20 EXTRA GROOVY AUTOGRAPHED PIX OF DAVY, MICKY, PETER & MIKE! PLUS 20 ULTRA COOL CANDID SNAPSHOTS OF DAVY, MIKE, PETER & MICKY!

AND NONE OF THESE GORGEOUS PHOTOS HAVE EVER BEEN SEEN ANYWHERE ELSE BEFORE!

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:

Just fill in the coupon, cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon — with a one-dollar bill attached. Yes, just one dollar will get your MONKEE WALLET PHOTOS. So hurry that coupon "and your dollar" on its way TODAY!

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BEAUTIFUL BEATLES

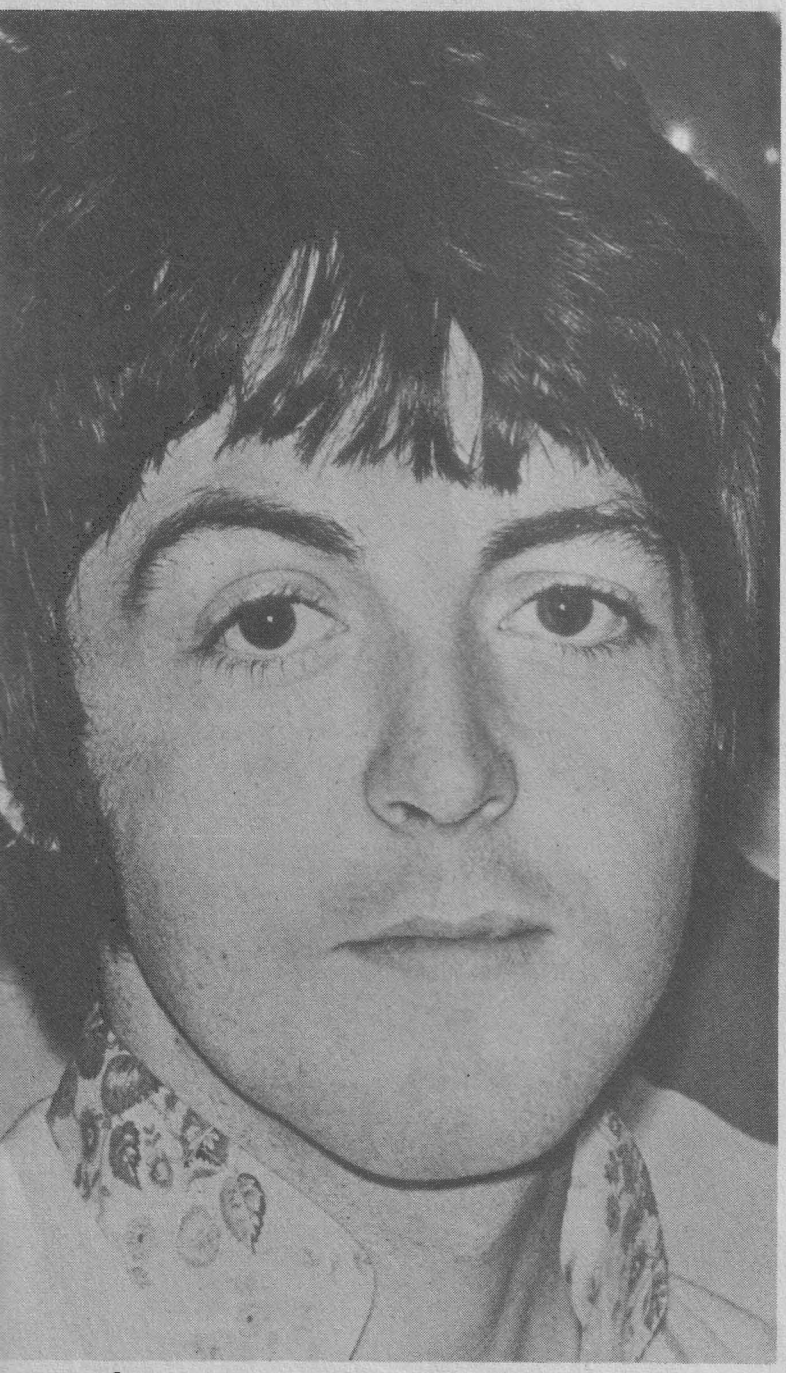
LO

COME and join us as we pay tribute to four of the most remarkable young men of our time. They are, of course, Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George Harrison and Ringo Starr. For more than three years they have roamed the world as the Beatles, and have left it a happier place wherever they touched it with their songs and their personalities.

As entertainers the Beatles were — and are — unique and unequalled. For their words and their music, their wit and their wisdom was the *truth* that you, we, all of us of the flower people, the now generation were groping to say. The Beatles spoke *to* us and *for* us in a thousand magical ways that made even adults tune in and take notice.

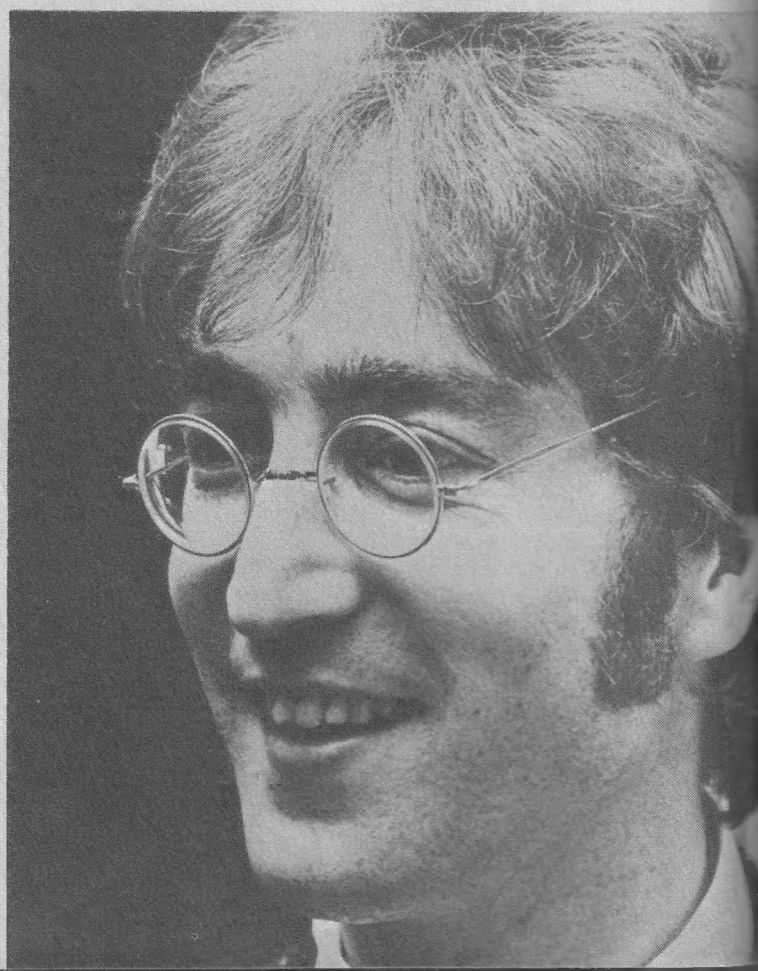
No other musical group has delighted us with so many surprises as the Beatles. Their imagination is boundless, their music a magic carpet which takes us into a world of love and peace and understanding and all *one*. Their latest, greatest triumph is, of course, their Capitol Records LP *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* — not forgetting their singles *All You Need Is Love* and *Baby You Are A Rich Man*.

"Beautiful" is not a word to use lightly. It must be deserved. And so we say: a salute to the Beatles — the Beautiful People.

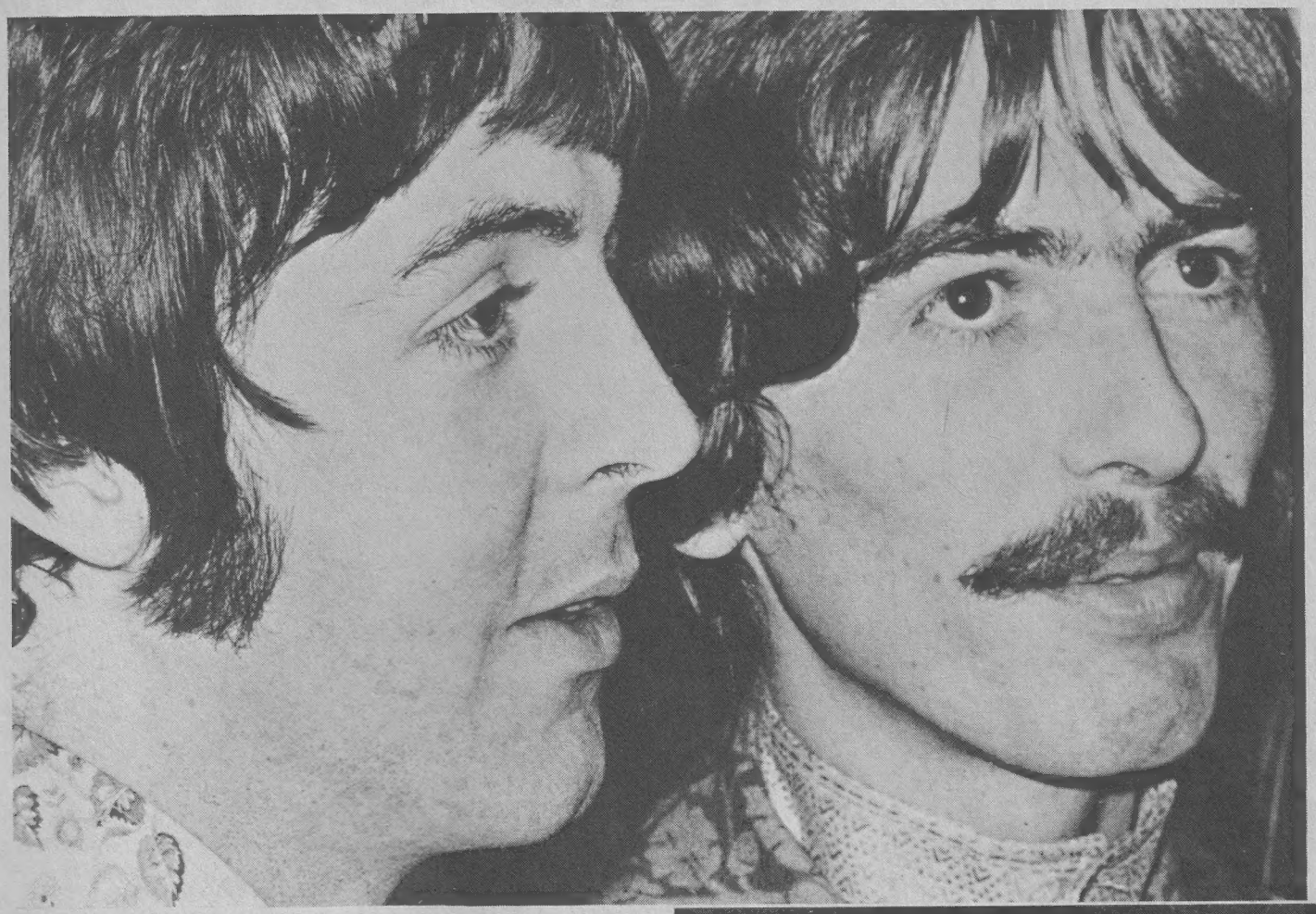


PAUL McCARTNEY today is a top talent in the world of pop music. He is constantly experimenting with new musical forms, never content to repeat earlier triumphs. His brilliant innovations have helped to widen the horizons of the world of pop.

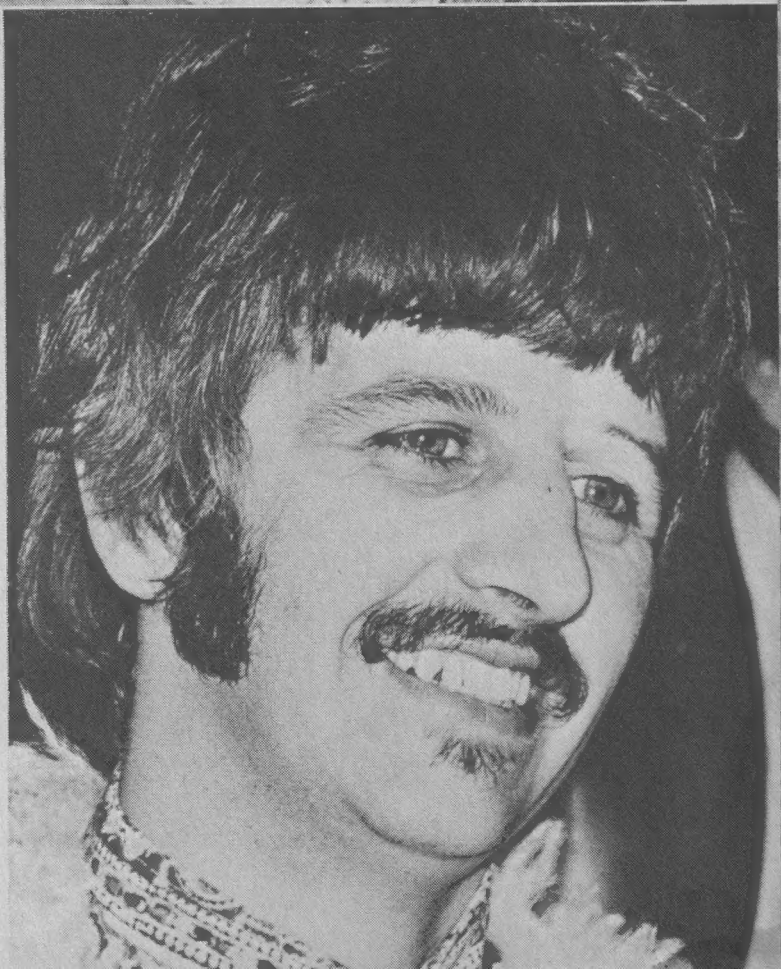
JOHN LENNON is no less progressive and courageous. His outspoken beliefs and biting wit still make waves (and headlines), and the force of his personality is felt in just about every Beatle lyric. He also writes—and illustrates—highly successful books.



NG MAY THEY LIVE

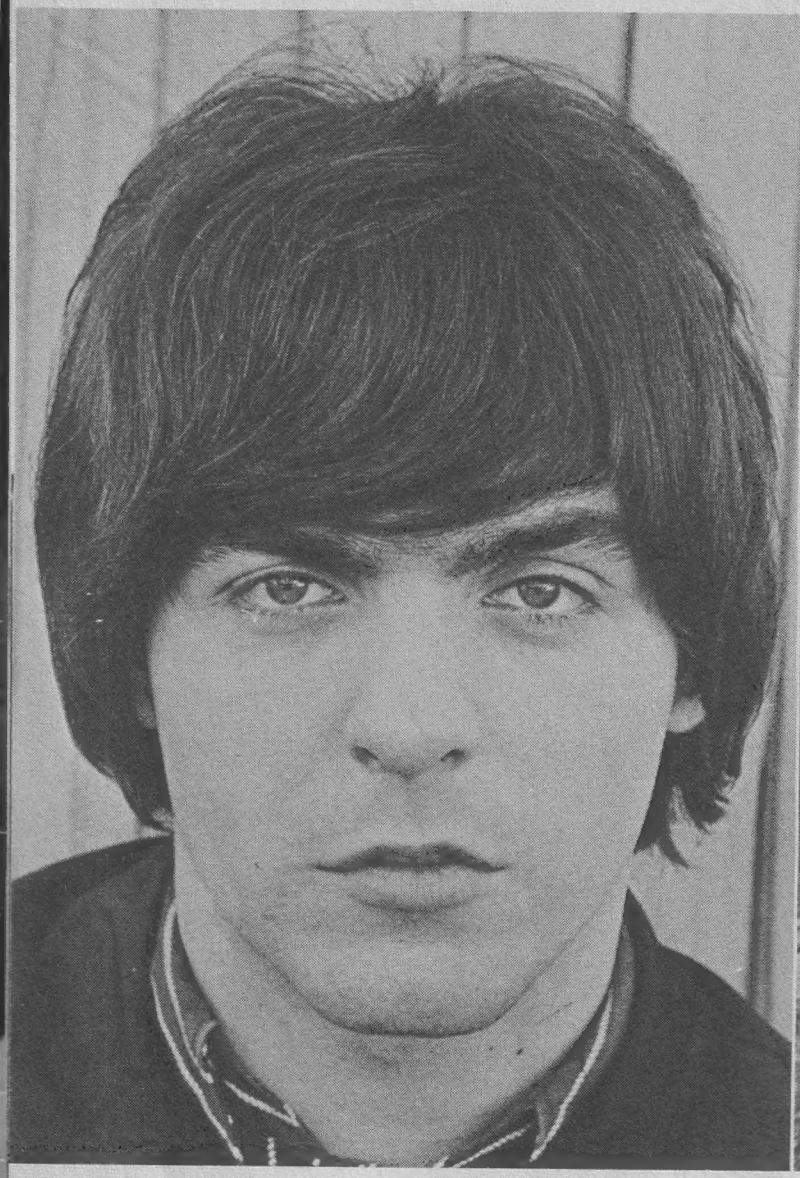


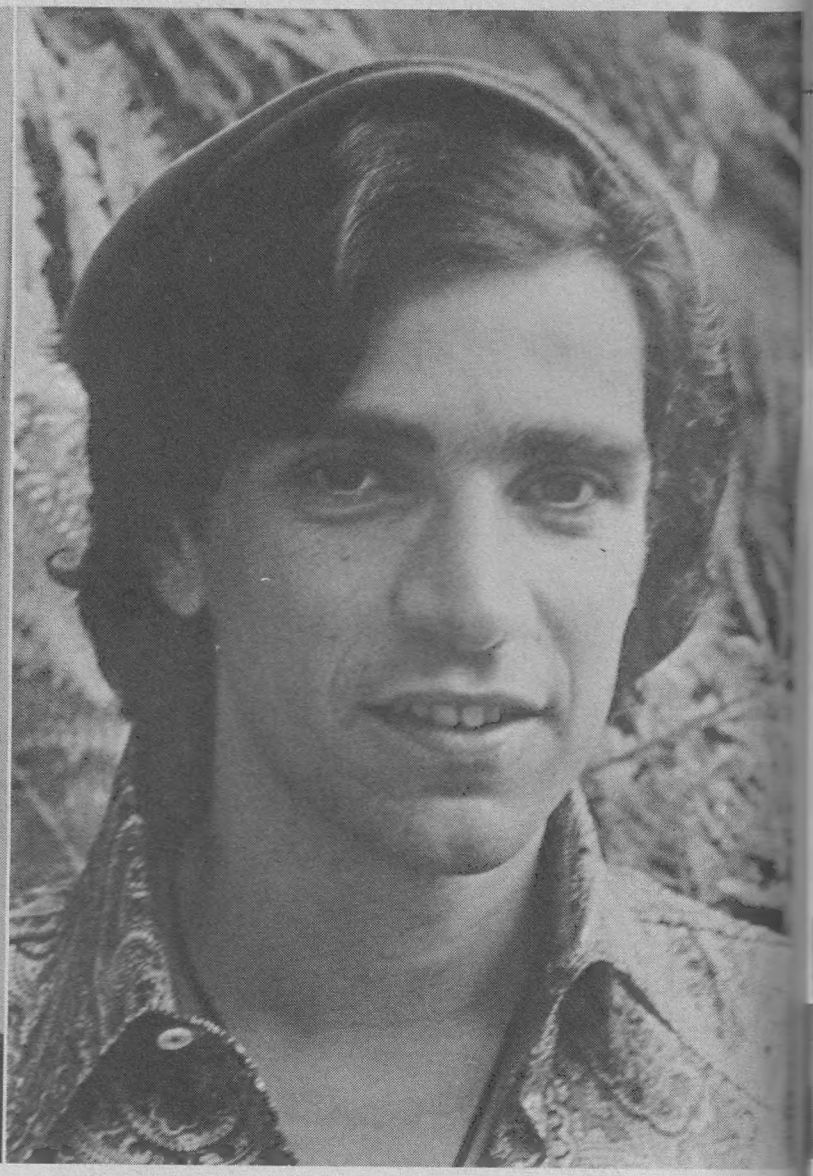
GEORGE HARRISON (at right, with Paul) has helped to enlarge the Beatles' vision of the meaning of life with his studies of Indian mysticism and Indian music. His enthusiasm for the sitar, shared by the others, helped to widen the scope of their music.



RINGO STARR is personally as steadying an influence on the group as is his drum beat—but the adorable pixie in him still shines through. Ringo and Maureen recently became parents again; an 8-pound, 5-ounce boy was born to them and named Jason.

RASCALS





DINO DANELLI

Dino, the beautiful Rascal drummer. The one who reminds you of a Beatle, but is very much himself — and who is also a very different and unusual person. "The Artist," "The Actor," "The Writer" as well as "The Musician." That's how Dino really grooves — doing a *thousand* things at once, having a *thousand* projects going. And he's always ready to take on more! For instance, the Rascals' single sleeve for *Groovin'*, their latest LP *cover* and Official Program are *all* designed by Dino – with more on the way!

Dino's secret passion is playing the autoharp. Sebastian of the Spoonful first turned Dino onto the dulcet sounds of the autoharp, and now he enjoys playing it in between stage appearances and at home between painting sessions. Dino is multi-faceted — like all the Rascals — and (like their sound) there's nowhere left to go but to keep expanding — until Dino and the Rascals have conquered the world!

FELIX CAVALIERE

Felix — the organist (sings lead too) — he's the "Quiet One." Felix wants the world to know he's proud of that serious, intellectual, sensitive, whimsical (the side most people try to hide) side. He listens — *really listens* — to every word you have to say; he cares, and if you ask him a question, he will give you a deep thoughtful, meaningful (and probably helpful) answer. Felix is also a writer, a reader, a researcher — *and* a guru; a natural teacher who loves children, teeny-boppers and many quiet hours of meditation. He says, "One day I would like to teach just a few people many different and beautiful things; things that would help them when *they* will one day teach — a few people . . ."

Felix is "The Spokesman" for the Rascals too. He knows where they're headed –and that look of determination you see on his face means more hit songs, more new sounds, more pleasure generated, *more* of everything — for Felix, "The Knowledgeable Rascal"!

You can write to The Rascals, Box 380 Planetarium Station, New York, N.Y.

REVEALED!

EDDIE BRIGATI

Rascals' lead singer and chief tambourine banger — admits that (when his head is in an admitting mood) he's moody and very, *very* unpredictable. His outstanding quality — and the one Eddie will always greet you with — is his spontaneous warmth and his sense of fun. Whimsical — all the time — Eddie is the Rascâls' "Official Jester"!

But there's another side of Eddie that his fans rarely see — and it's Eddie "The Family Man". He is devoted to his mother and father and — good news, girls — is looking forward to the day when he'll have his own beautiful home and large family.

Eddie is the group's "Responsible Businessman," as well. This means that when all four Rascals are trying to divide up a dinner check, it's always Eddie who has to take over and figure out the arithmetic. All told – Edward Franklin Joseph Brigati, Jr., adds up to a happy, funny, friendly, family-loving, level-headed, sensationally talented and good-looking guy. What more could a girl want?

GENE CORNISH

Gene, the lead guitarist for the Rascals, is the "Intense One" — and he is also the "Musical One"; so that means groovy Gene is very much responsible for the particular "NOW" sound which is sweeping the world and which is pure Rascal-ity at its best. Intensity — in his personal life and in music — is rapidly propelling Gene into super-popularity with his fans and is turning him into quite a good songwriter too (for instance, the B side of *"How Can I Be Sure? — I'm So Happy Now* — was composed by Gene).

Gene is also a non-procrastinator — a rare bird, indeed! He's always doing today what he *has* to do today — whether making fudge (his *first* favorite pastime) or listening to Bach (his *second* favorite pastime) while eating a bowl of cereal (his *third* favorite pastime). Gene's move-ahead attitude sometimes makes his life seem like one of those old-time, speeded-up, action-packed, slap-stick movies — but that's the way Gene grooves! When he gets together with Eddie, Felix and Dino at a recording session, the scene becomes like a clip out of a Laurel and Hardy film! SLAM! BANG! CRASH! WATCH OUT! Here's Eugene Cornish — every precious ounce of him!

Doing the unexpected is the joy of Micky's life — and in a single day with him you share enough excitement to last a lifetime!

A DAY IN THE LIFE— of MICKY DOLENZ

OF ALL THE MONKEES, Micky is the "latest sleeper". It's well after high noon when he yawns, stretches and opens his hazel eyes.

CORN FLAKES AND ORANGE JUICE

Don't think for a sec that Micky is still asleep as he casually dumps corn flakes into a bowl and pours *orange juice* over them! That, me lettle-luvs, is Micky Dolenz' favorite breakfast, and he is very proud of the fact that he invented it himself. However, if you don't have a particular weakness for corn flakes and orange juice, Micky always has a bottle of milk in the fridge so that *you* can have *yours* the normal way.

A leisurely day in the life of Micky Dolenz would require a quiet companion (at first, that is), for in direct contrast to his effervescent, bubbly personality, there are times when Micky is very introspective and meditative. The first thing Micky would show you is his new workshop. Not only is he continuing to make marvelous things by wire sculpting, but he is now also working in wood.

"Wood is very alive — it's very beautiful to touch," Micky explains. "When you carve or build something out of wood — well, it may sound silly, but the wood seems to sort of come alive and help you. It's as though you and the wood become *one*. And when you finish, you and the wood have shared a very rewarding experience."

Mystical Micky would then perhaps show you the lovely little bridge he built across the stream that flows through the garden beside his new home in Laurel Canyon. Late in the afternoon, Micky's mood slowly begins to change, and you find it fascinating to watch him as he becomes more and more lively. At some point he suddenly says, "Hey, I'm going to pull myself together and we'll go for a ride. O.K.?"

Before you can nod in agreement, "curly-top" Micky has vanished. In what seems to be a matter of minutes he emerges, all combed, brushed and dressed, neatly but casually — ready to go out and see what "the rest of the world" is up to. When you walk outside, Micky bypasses his GTO and motorbike and opens the door of his enormous red, white and blue Volkswagon bus — and you step into it! It's big and wobbly and it rattles, but it's the delight of a lifetime — and you can't help but share Micky's mischievous joy as he smiles and waves to every passerby who stares at his "jalopy" in amazement.

That evening, you and Micky dine at the Imperial Gardens, his favorite Chinese restaurant; after which you rattle your way back up the hill in the VW.

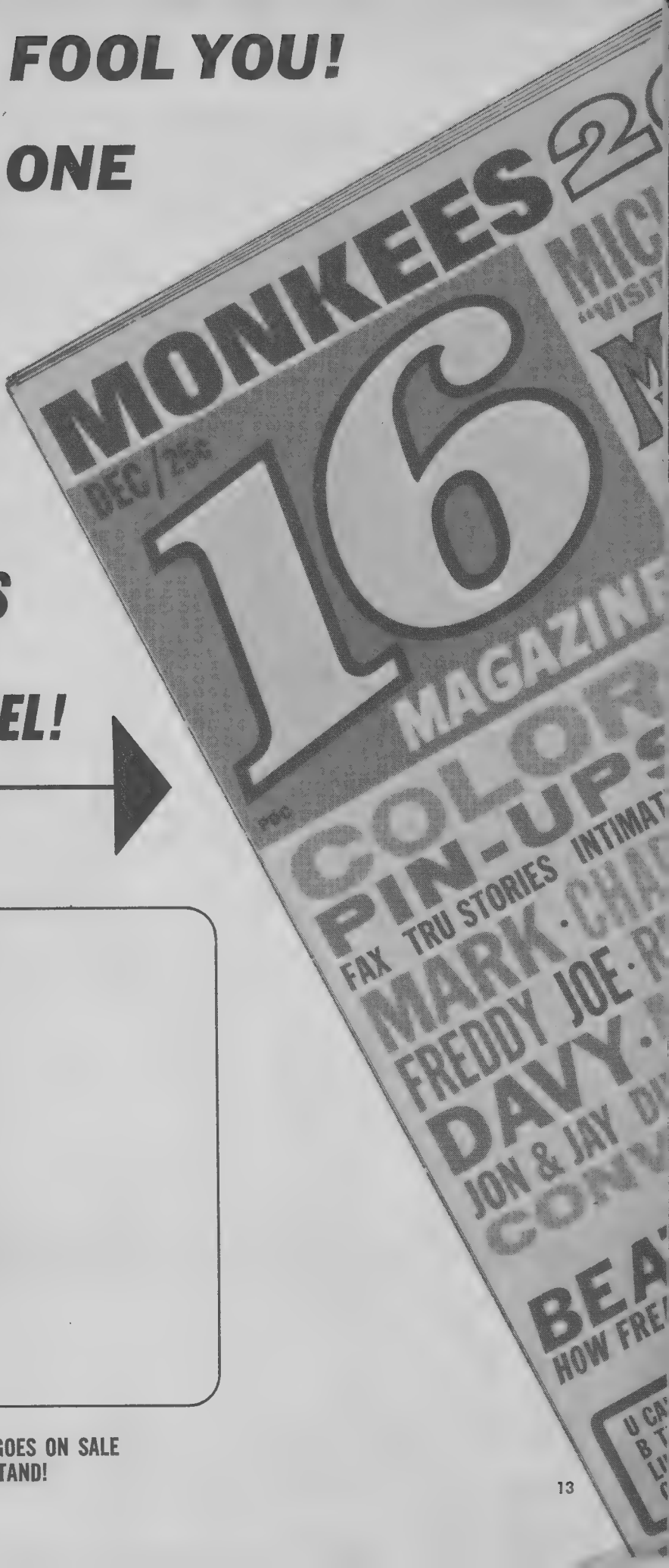
ONE MORE RIDE

But hang on — your sharing a day in the life of Micky Dolenz is not quite finished. Remember that motorbike? Well, it's time to take a spin with Micky on *that!* It's a powerful Bonneville 650 and you hop on the back of the big seat, pressing your feet hard on the foot rails and holding on to Micky for *dear life*. He takes you for a mad, mad, *mad* spin all through Laurel Canyon. You're scared to death and thrilled breathless —at the same time! But that's O.K. *That's* the way it is with Micky Dolenz. Either you take him as he is, or you leave him. And — like who's about to *leave him?"*

DON'T LET 'EM FOOL YOU!

THERE IS ONLY ONE

16 MAGAZINE–



AND YOU CAN ALWAYS RECOGNIZE IT BY THIS LABEL!

THE ULTRA-FAB, RAVEY-EST EVER DECEMBER ISSUE OF 16 MAGAZINE FEATURES THESE TOP TEEN FAVES:

MONKEES

PETER NOONE & THE HERMITS

THOSE SWINGIN' DOORS

DD&B

BEATLES

RAIDERS

RASCALS

& ALL THE REST!

DON'T MISS! THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF 16 MAGAZINE GOES ON SALE OCTOBER 19! LOOK FOR IT AT YOUR NEAREST NEWSSTAND!

MEET GARY & THE HORNETS

MEET Gary, Steve and Greg Calvert – better known as Gary and the Hornets. They are probably the youngest musicians in the recording business today. They are brothers and live with their family in Franklin, Ohio, where they attend school. However, they somehow manage to find enough spare time to do quite a few concerts and cut a record or two between classes. They have been on the same bill with such well-known pop groups as the Mamas & Papas, the Four Seasons, Jay & The Americans and Roy Orbison. *They can hold their own, too!*

GARY

Gary Calvert is on the left. He is five feet and two inches tall and weighs about 95 pounds. Blond-haired and brown-eyed, Gary is the lead singer and plays lead guitar and organ with the Hornets. Gary has a guitar collection that is the envy of many of his schoolmates. His favorite colors are green, blue and red, and his favorite foods are corn-on-the-cob, french fries and home-made pretzels. He loves sports of all kinds, and tries to ice-skate, bowl, play baseball and ride horses every chance he gets. He likes girls who are modern, fun to be with – and who like the latest trends in music and style. Gary's idea of a perfect date is to go to a movie or a party and laugh a lot. He would like to be an actor someday.

STEVE

Steve, the youngest, is in the middle. He is four feet and one inch tall and weighs 54 pounds. But being a lightweight doesn't stop him from being a very good drummer. When he starts to bang, you can hear him four blocks away! He has light brown hair and green eyes, and goes to Gerke Elementary School in Franklin. Steve is crazy about hamburgers, the Monkees, Johnny Carson, Dean Martin, W. C. Fields, the Supremes and football. He has quite a few pets. Aside from the stray animals that he brings home every now and then, Steve has an over-sized Dachshund named "Snooper", a guinea pig named "Alphe" and a hamster named "Jerry". Steve says he's a little too young for girls yet, but he doesn't mind them *unless* they pull his hair. He can't stand to have his hair pulled! Steve's biggest ambitions in life are to have his own horse and ride it to school, and to be a comedian when he grows up.

GREG

Greg is on the right. He plays the bass guitar and sings harmony with the Hornets. Fourteen-year-old Greg is the oldest Hornet (Gary is 13 and Steve is 8), and he goes to Hampton Bennett Junior High in Franklin. He has light brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 104 pounds, and is five feet and five inches tall. Greg is a Beatle fan, but he likes the Blues Magoos and the Turtles a lot, too. His favorite colors are blue and yellow, and his favorite foods are pork chops and baked beans. He loves to shop for the latest in cool clothes and he has a lot to do with picking out the clothes the Hornets wear on stage. Greg likes girls who he can communicate with easily, and likes to take his dates to movies, parties, amusement parks and swimming pools. Greg plans to go to college and study law someday, but 'til then he wants to learn everything he can about music.

You can write to Gary and the Hornets, c/o Smash Records, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Be sure to put "I Am A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope.

meet the BLUES MAGOOS

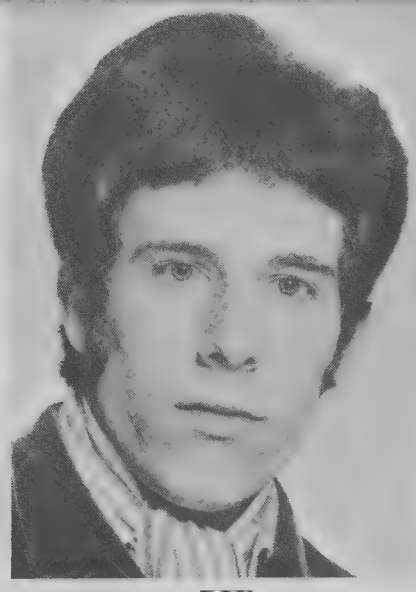
'WAY UP NORTH in the Bronx, far from the noise and traffic of Manhattan, is a large wooden house with 15 rooms. The rent is paid by five people who live there. During the day the house is as quiet as the pet rabbit that lives with them — but when the sun goes down all "heck" breaks loose and wild musical sounds fill the air! Guess who lives there? The Blues Magoos, that's who! Let's meet them one at a time.

RALPH

Meet Ralph Magoo. His real name is Ralph Scala and he plays piano, organ, guitar and sings lead with the group. Ralph is six feet and one inch tall, weighs 150 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. He loves to go go-karting in his spare time. Ralph likes girls who are intelligent and who are able to think for themselves. He hopes to continue with his musical career and someday produce his own records.

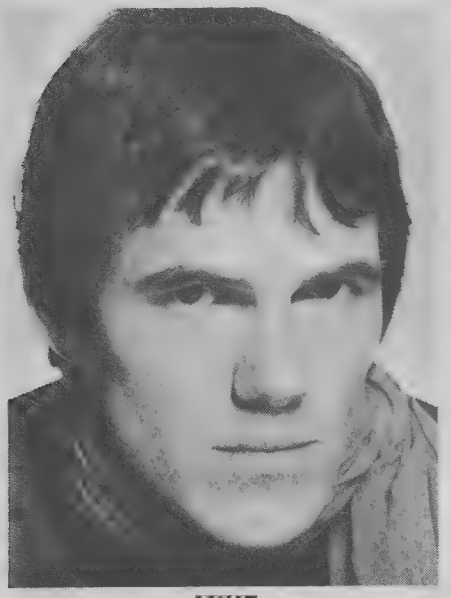
GEOFF

Here's Geoff Magoo. His real name is Geoffrey Daking and he was born in Wilmington, Del. Geoff is six feet and one inch tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has blond hair and green eyes. Geoff is the drummer for the Magoos. He's crazy about the Beatles, Ray Charles, steak, water skiing, the color green and photography. Geoff likes girls with a good sense of humor and a strong personality, and loves to take his dates out to "discos".



RON

Meet Ron Magoo. His real name is Ronald Gilbert and he hails from sunny California. Ron plays bass guitar with the Magoos. He's wild about the Beatles, Richard Burton, shishkebab, all pastel colors, golf and horseback riding. He likes girls who are quiet and natural, and prefers to be alone with his dates and talk rather than go out. Ron hopes to own a house in the mountains someday, and would like to produce his own records.



MIKE

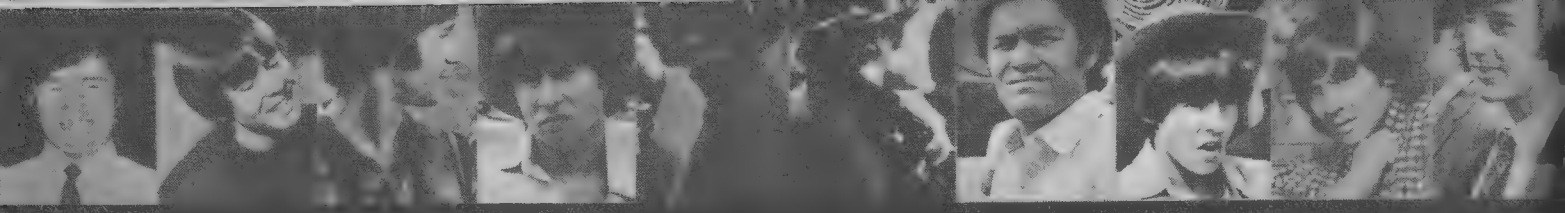
Shake hands with Mike Magoo. His real name is Michael Esposito and he was born in Slaughter Beach, Del. Mike is five feet and ten inches tall, weighs 147 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes. He has quite a guitar collection, and plays lead guitar with the group. Mike's mad about Jimi Hendrix, "soul food", painting and the colors red and blue. He looks for simplicity and sincerity in his dates, and likes to go to unusual places. Mike hopes to develop new concepts in music someday.

PEPPY

Meet Peppy Magoo. His real name is Emil Thielhelm and he was born in New York City. Peppy is five feet and ten inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Peppy plays rhythm guitar and sings lead along with Ralph. He's nuts about Mae West, rice and shrimp, horses, the color yellow and Richie Havens. Peppy likes girls who are neat, punctual and intelligent, and he doesn't like to plan a date — he likes to just "let it happen". He plans to stay in the music business and learn all he can.

P.S. Former Raider road manager "Hoss" has moved to greater glory. He's doing his thing for the Blues Magoos now!

You can hear The Blues Magoos on Mercury Records. Their latest smash single is I Wanna Be There **and their LP is** Electric Comic Book. **You can write to them at The Blues Magoos Society, 200 West 57th Street, Suite 310, New York, N.Y. (Be sure to put "I Am A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope.)**



MONKEES GO MAD IN SUPER-NEW Ga-Ga Pix!

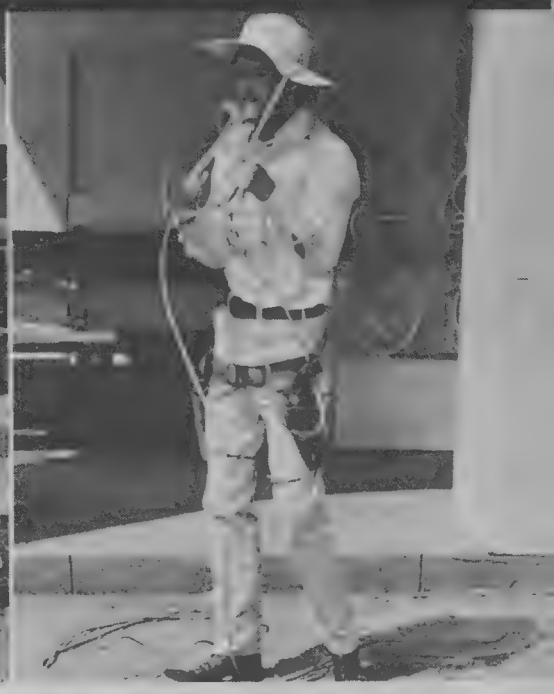
See them NOW in scenes from brand-new Monkee TV segments to be aired this fall–

With not-to-be-believed stories and dialogue supplied exclusively for your ententertainment by 16's SPEC!

TWO-GUN MICKY—
THE SLOWEST ROPE in the West!

"Heh, heh - here comes Shoot-'Em-Up Jones, the **orniest** hombre ever to hit mah town. I'll jest take mah trusty ol' lasso and tie him up like he wuz a maverick calf."

"A **one,** a **two** — and thar it goes!"



"W-W-Whut-t?! Why, dad burn it — I went and lassoed **meself!**"

"Now, that won't do — won't do **a-tall!** Got to untangle meself in a hurry, cos that cool bad cat Deadmen-Tell-No-Tales Jones is comin' on **fast!**"

"Got time fer just — one — mo' **throw!**"

"Oh, well — one way or another, Sheriff Dolenz **always** gets his man!"

WRONG-WAY DAVE— OR HOW NOT TO MOUNT A HORSE!

(WITH NO HELP FROM PUZZLED PETER)

"By Jove! So this is the sort of fearless steed that helped to win the American West, is it? Peculiar looking animal, I must say. Not at all like the well-curried English thoroughbreds I'm used to. Ah, well, better get a leg up and canter off."

"I say — what 'appened to the horse's **head?** Oh! **There** you are!"

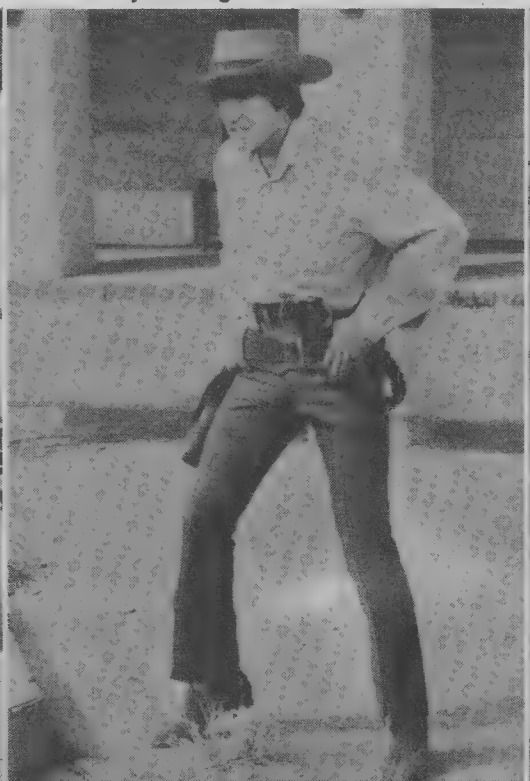
THE SIX-SHOOTER THAT WENT THATAWAY!

(STARRING (?) DEAD-EYE DAVY)

Have you ever dreamed of being a cowboy? Well, then, a cow**girl**? And pumping your worst enemy full of lead? It's easy when you know how. The trick is to whip the six-shooter out of your holster lightning-fast and then **fan** with your left hand while your right hand works the trigger. (Or are you **left-handed?**)

But first you give the old six-gun a twirl — like Davy is doing.

And then you spread your feet and rest your hands on your gun-belt and look nasty — like Davy is doing.



And finally you — you. . . . Well, luv, it was nice knowing you!

"Blimey, what **now**?! Never saw anybody ride a horse **this** way before! Peculiar people, the Americans."

"Oh. I see. Well, Rover — or whatever your name is. Guess we **both** better call it a day!"

PETER TORK — WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

"**Goodbye, cruel world!**"

"No, no — I **can't** go yet! I have too much to **live** for!"

"Two for tea, and tea for two. . . . Gee, I just **love** dancing with Tiny Tim!"

"How did he get that **arrow** in his head when I haven't even pulled the string of my **bow**?!"

THERE'S MORE MONKEE GA-GA PIX ON PAGE 41

A DAY IN THE LIFE—

of PETER TORK

THE BIGGEST SIGN in Los Angeles is perched on the top of a high hill overlooking the Sunset Strip. It says simply **HOLLYWOOD.** It is the tourists' delight and, at night, it carefully screens one of the Hollywood Hills' most popular "lovers' lanes". All of this is of little or no concern to a nearby resident (he lives two blocks down from the giant-sized **H** — namely, Peter Tork. At times Peter has a highly developed sense of indifference, probably mastered as a direct result of becoming one of the most popular and sought-after young men in the world!

A DAY OF HIS OWN

Once in a blue moon Peter Tork manages to get a day of his very own — a marvelous day in which he can do exactly as he pleases. You are now invited to join Peter on just such a glorious day as this. Rumpled and smiling (Peter is always in a good mood — well, *nearly* always), he rises at about 11 A.M. After some bathroom noises — such as cold water on the face and teeth-brushing — Peter bumbles into the kitchen, where he carefully prepares his favorite breakfast: a steaming dish of hot cereal (oatmeal or the likes). While his breakfast is boiling, Peter goes to his brand-new stereo, puts on *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,* and turns it up *full blast.* He pulls open the draperies of the upstairs part of his duplex apartment so that the sun comes streaming through one entire side of his living room. Then, as happy as W. C. Fields when he has just kicked a kid, Peter sits down with his bowl of cereal, listens to the music and watches the sunlight dance across the living-room rug. There is something so disarming, so innocent and charming about everything he does that you find yourself quietly falling in love with Peter Tork.

Suddenly, your host seem to "wake up". At once he is bright-eyed and bushy-tailed; jumping about, cleaning up the pad, combing his hair and getting dressed. The phone is ringing merrily and, before you know it, Peter has invited a whole passel of his buddies to drop by for the afternoon. When the door bell buzzes, you meet such people as Davy Jones, David Pearl, Micky Dolenz, Henry Diltz, Joey Richardson (a buddy from New York City), Denny Doherty — and a complete cast of utterly charming characters. Enough soda and potato chips for everyone seems to materialize out of thin air, and for a moment you wonder if powerful Peter isn't *really* a magician after all!

Peter has as many girl friends (and that's *friends,* not sweethearts — so please don't misunderstand) as he does boy friends, and some of them vanish into the kitchen from time to time. Just before the California sun starts to sink the delicious aroma of a home-cooked meal fills the living room. Peter himself makes the salad and salad dressing, and soon everyone is sitting about cross-legged,eating a plateful of roast beef, zucchini and salad.

SINGIN' AFTER DINNER

An informal sing-in, play-in begins to happen. Banjos and guitars appear and voices begin to harmonize, in everything from folk songs to the latest number one hit records. You secretly kick yourself for not having a tape recorder to capture this beautiful and historical moment forever. Later, the guests begin to leave — in couples or one at a time. When the last guest has departed, Peter starts to clean the dishes, stops halfway, and suddenly becomes very quiet. He turns off the lights and lights a candle — and the last thing you hear as you leave your perfect day in the life of Peter Tork is the haunting strains of the sitar of Ravi Shankar, coming from the stereo set.

do YOU know—

WHAT the Monkees think of each other?
HOW to meet your favorite Monkee?
40 secrets about the Monkees NEVER before published?

do YOU know

the REAL Davy, the REAL Micky,
the REAL Peter, the REAL Mike?

if you DON'T,

you've got plenty to LEARN about the Monkees—and you can learn EVERYTHING there is to know about the boys in 16's super-glam Monkees book

HERE WE ARE!

HERE WE ARE! *is 16's exclusive fax-packed book about the Monkees that answers every question you can possibly ask about the boys! It tells you what the Monkees really think of each other, describes Davy, Mike, Peter and Micky's early lives, tells you how to meet your favorite Monkee, shares 40 never-before-published Monkee secrets with you, shows you the Davy Jones nobody knows, takes you inside Micky's secret life and Peter's "other life," tells you what the Monkees' parents and friends think of them, and — more, more,* more!

But that's not all. Here We Are! *is also packed with a fantastic array of* never-before-seen photos *of the Monkees from their birth to the present day. And it includes super-smash,* personally autographed *pin-ups of Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike.*

To be sure *that you know all about the Monkees, don't fail to send for* your *copy of* Here We Are! *Just fill in the coupon and mail it to the address on the coupon with a one-dollar bill attached. That's all you have to do to get the* one, *the* only *book that tells ALL on the Monkees!* Do it now!

16's SPEC — FALL '67

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THE STRANGE MYSTICAL MAGICAL WORLD OF JIM MORRISON

BY GLORIA STAVERS

People are strange when you're a stranger —
When you're strange no one remembers your name.

Somewhere just outside the very busy and very rich city of Hollywood there is an abandoned, decaying old office building. Its deserted rooms occasionally echo the sounds of passing cars or the flutter of the wings of birds who have chosen to make their nests there. About two years ago a strange and beautiful human being (who looked not unlike a magnificent young lion) wandered into this building.

His name was Jim Morrison. He was a student and a poet. He was a boy just turning into a man. He was alone and he was disillusioned by the hypocrisy and pretense he saw about him in his daily life. He was a deep thinker and a sincere lover of all things living. He had reached a point where he could no longer understand the ways of "civilized" man; man's wanton destruction not only of his fellow men, but also of Nature's greatest and most beautiful gifts.

What have they done to the earth?
What have they done to our fair sister?
Ravaged, plundered, ripped and bit her;
Tied her with fences and dragged her down . . .

Jim heard the silent voice within him whispering. *There must be* more *to life. There must be higher heights to climb to, greater depths to tumble to. There* must *be something* else *out there. This just can't be all there is.* So, one day he found himself *leaving.* Just departing — taking off for shores unknown. He did what each of us — in our way, at one time or another — *has* to do. He went off by himself. He left what he had been "trained" to call his real life behind. He went out into the unknown, the cold, lonely and — sometimes — cruel world in search of the most important thing any person can ever search for. He went in search of himself.

The time you wait
Subtracts from joy —
Beheads the angels . . .

With not much more than a blanket and a few cans of food, the young lion settled down in his new adobe. The first several days were a revelation to Jim. His mind began to grow clear. All the trivia that had seemed so super-important back in that "other world" fell down around him like useless scales, and burning new ideas and thoughts began to grow in their place.

Surrender to the waiting worlds . . . as I watch
you glide;
Let's swim to the moon, let's fly through the tide,
We're falling through wet forests
On our moonlight drive.

The first thing Jim found himself wanting in his new home was not a radio or a pillow or any of the creature comforts. What he wanted more than *anything* was a pencil and a tablet. When Jim got these two (to him) sacred objects, he hurried back to his nest and there — by the sun's light in the day and by candlelight at night — he began to pour out all the deep, real and meaningful thoughts that had ever entered and stopped to stay in his incredibly rich and imaginative mind. Out of nowhere, he evoked an imaginary person — a girl, someone to love — and he wrote for her, and he spoke to her, and he felt her presence just as though she were actually by his side.

My eyes have seen you standing in the door . . .
My eyes have seen you —
Let them photograph your soul . . .

He wrote on and on — endlessly. He tore up pages, burned others, rewrote others — laughed when he knew it was good and wept when it was bad. And he endured. *He did it.* He burned like an unextinguishable, fine, pure light through his long nights and days of self-discovery. Then one day it was over.

Tear your web away, saw thru your bars;
Melt your cell today, you are caught in a prison
Of your own devise . . .
Fly fast away; don't miss your chance
To swim in mystery —
You are dying in a prison
Of your own devise.

Jim walked out of the abandoned office building. The sun was there, just as it had been before, but somehow it seemed more brilliant; the sounds of life were all still there, but now they seemed clearer. He also heard the grinding noise of the nearby city, but it was of no bother to him — for he had grown beyond all that. He had made his walk along the precipice, he had survived his trial by fire. He had captured and spelled out all the aching and longing known only to the young — all the fears and desires, the unquenchable thirst for love, and for some *one* to be loved by. He'd felt it all, and he had made it all his own forever by putting it down on paper — fragile, forceful, delicate, strong poems of loneliness, fear, longing, love and the fire. He made all these things forever a part of himself, and in return he finally discovered himself — his *real* Self.

Since that time, Jim Morrison has come a long, long way. He has given — along with his fellow musicians, the Doors — popular music its newest, most vibrant, exciting and uncompromising sound. And *now* he is giving *you* these poems (which are so very much a part of himself and his *real* beginning). They are the words that you hear on the Doors' single record, *People Are Strange,* and all through their new Elektra LP, *Strange Days. Now* when you hear Jim's music, listen, *really listen* — for you will be hearing more than the fabulous Doors playing and Jim Morrison singing. You will also be listening to the heartbeat of a strange, mystical, magical and beautiful young man.

The music is your special friend;
Dance on fire as it intends.
The music is your only friend —
Until the end . . .

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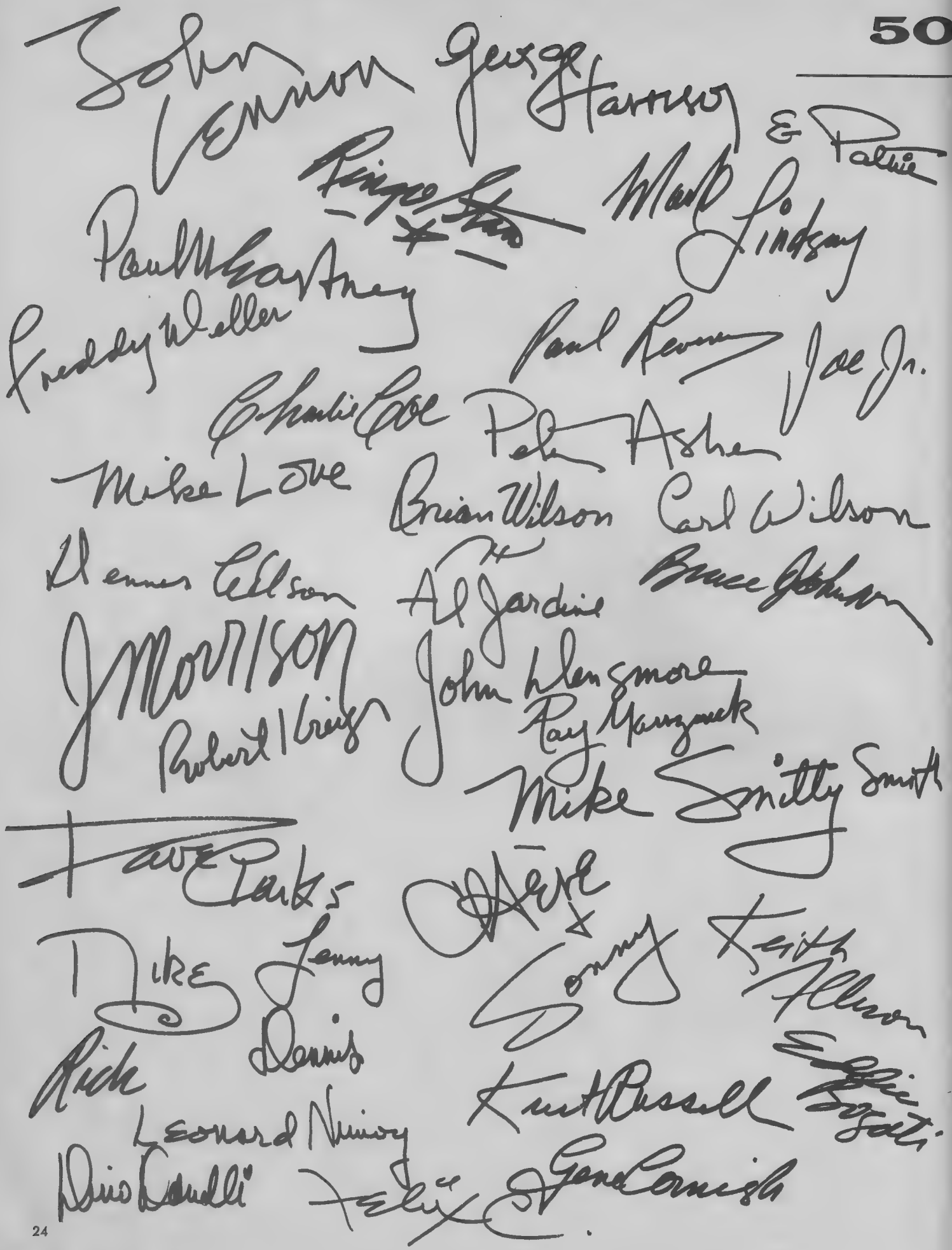
John Lennon
George Harrison
Ringo Starr
& Pattie
Paul McCartney
Mark Lindsay
Freddy Weller
Paul Revere
Joe Jr.
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Peter Asher
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Brian Wilson
Carl Wilson
Dennis Wilson
Al Jardine
Bruce Johnston
J. Morrison
Robert Krieger
John Densmore
Ray Manzarek
Mike Smitty Smith
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Dick
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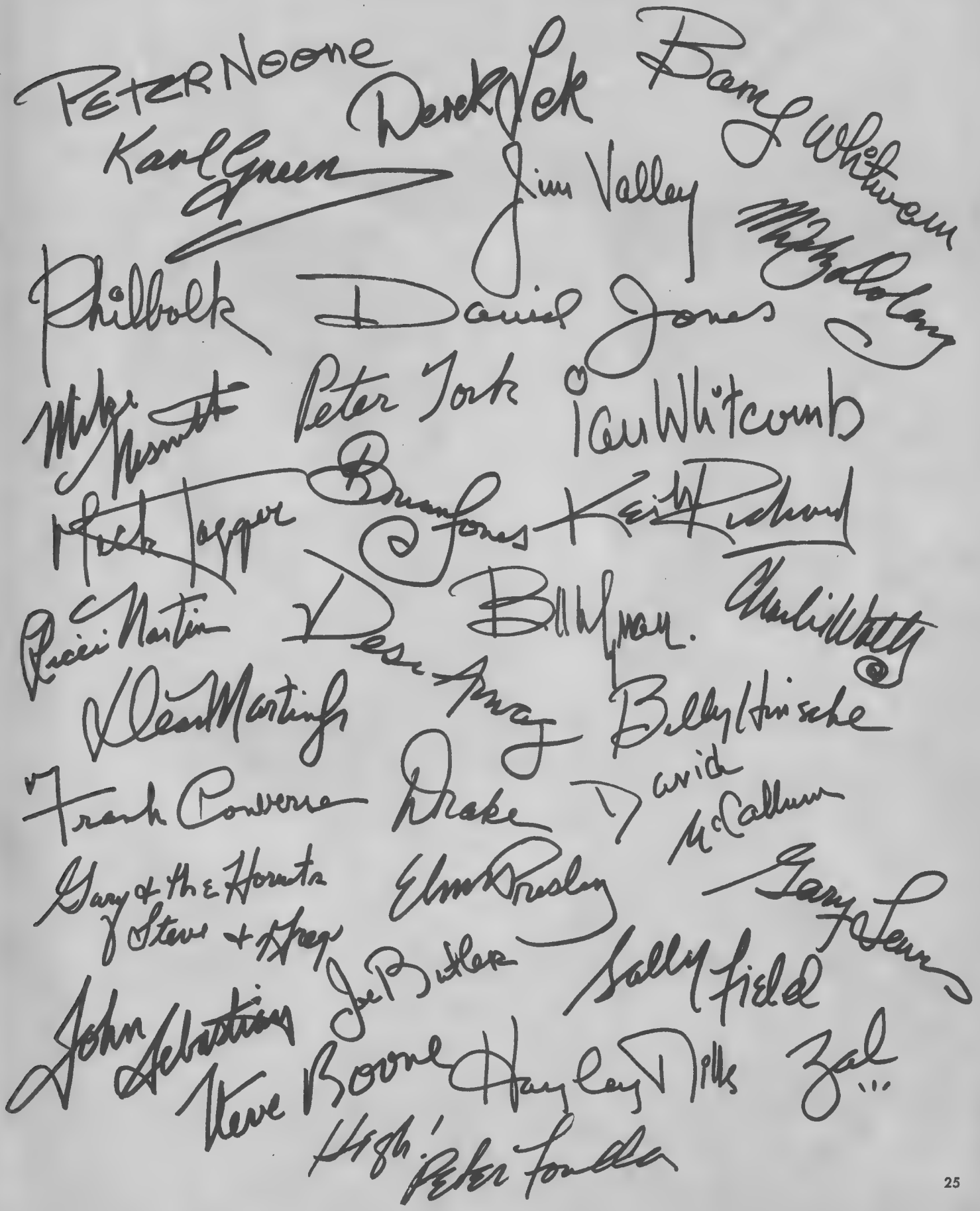
TOP STAR AUTOGRAPHS



I DREAM DA WITH PETER NOONE

You are alone in glorious London-town — with your handsome escort, PETER NOONE.

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE SECTION of London is called Mayfair and in the center of Mayfair is England's glamorous and posh hotel — The Dorchester. That is the hotel which Peter Noone has picked for you to stay in while you are his guest for one glorious dream day in the most in *city in the world! Since this perfect dream day belongs to Peter and you, of course you can work all sorts of* magic *and do what you please. The fact that you have flown there and are now standing in the middle of a gorgeous flower-drenched suite of rooms in The Dorchester — well, that is strictly your and Peter's business.*

There is a knock, you take a final glimpse of yourself (in your latest American mini outfit) and hurry to open the door. Standing before you is one of the most handsome, beguiling young men Mother Nature ever went out of her way to invent. He is six feet tall, has light brown hair, sparkling blue eyes and an incredible grin — famous to millions of girls all over the world.

"Hullo luv," he says, extending his hand. "I am Peter Noone." You try to hide your shyness long enough to introduce yourself and ask him to come inside. After a look around and a bit of "introductory" chitchat, Peter says, "Listen luv, we better get downstairs. I have rented a table for two so that we can have our brunch right here at The Dorchester."

As Peter, wearing a dark blue suede suit and a dark shirt with a checkered tie, escorts you to your table in the huge formal dining room downstairs, you feel just like a storybook princess. Once seated, the captain hands you what seems to be the biggest menu you have ever seen in your life. There are pages and pages describing the delicious dishes you can order. Noticing your perplexed look, Peter rushes to your rescue. "Hand me that enormous thing," he says, taking the menu away. "I think I will order us both just what me Mum makes me for brunch when I am at home in Kent." And soon you find yourself enjoying fresh orange juice, scrambled eggs with Irish bacon and a cup of hot chocolate.

Unlike most stars, Peter is terribly interested in other *people. Instead of talking about himself, he wants you to tell him all about* you *— and you find yourself suddenly pouring out your secrets as if Peter and you had known each other all your lives. You know his interest is genuine and while he turns his total attention on you, you find yourself talking away about things you'd never dream you'd be discussing with him.*

When Peter asks for the check, he uses the French word "l'addition," *and it is immediately produced. He pays from a wad of English bills that he has taken from his pocket, and together you're soon on your way into the wonderful English morning. Peter looks at his watch. "We're only a minute away from Buckingham Palace," he says. "Would you like to see the changing of the guard?" You nod agreement, and in a flash Peter has hailed a cab and the two of you are swinging along on your way to the Palace.*

You're there in the nick of time. You've got your camera and Peter goes to a place where you get a wonderful view of the whole ceremony. The band is thumping away with its marvelous British military sound and the whole pageant that you've seen a hundred times in movies and newsreels is suddenly taking place in front of you. Peter seems as interested in what's happening as you are, and you aren't sure whether you really want to take pictures of what's happening or *of Peter Noone! You do* both, *and then Peter asks if it's all right for him to use your camera for a picture of you. You hand it to him and all at once one of the world's top teen idols is concentrating on you through your own lens as if it is the most serious undertaking in the world. "Smile," he commands and you smile. Peter snaps the shutter, and he seems as pleased with himself as you know you'll be when finally you can see all of your photos developed.*

SHOPPING SPREE

The next thing Peter does is take you on a shopping spree. Your first stop is Moss Bros., near Picadilly Circus. "This is an old-fashioned store," Peter explains, "but it has got the best bargains in military clothes in town." Soon you are in a wonderland of old British costumes and tables, and shelves piled with the most fabulous gear imaginable. There are caps, uniforms, visor caps and all sorts of fancy dress costumes. Peter finds a small-size black naval officer's coat that he thinks is just the thing for you. You slip it on, and when you see your reflection in the mirror with the high collar and brass buttons on the jacket, you enthusiastically agree.

Before you can catch your breath, Peter has taken you on a whirlwind trip through Carnaby Street by the Tower of London, along Trafalgar Square and finally into the awesome quiet beauty of St. Paul's Cathedral. As you sit quietly in the church, looking at the enormous stained glass windows, you realize that Peter is not in the least a shallow lad — in fact, he is very deep.

Outside the church again, Peter insists on a stop at Mary Quant's shop in King's Road. Here, you are absolutely amazed at the mod gear that the British birds wear. You gather your selections and slip into a dressing room, from which you emerge wearing white mesh tights, a "poor boy" sweater and the shortest mini skirt ever!

"Oooh," Peter exclaims, pretending that he is about to faint. "Looking like that, luv—there is nothing to do but go and show you off. I am taking you to dinner at one of my favorite restaurants—Alvarro's."

Alvarro's turns out to be a romantic, candlelit Italian place. On the way to your table, you notice Peter waving to people like Paul McCartney, Graham Nash of the Hollies, and famous British actor Alan Bates. Once you are seated, the atmosphere becomes very intimate, and it seems as though there are only two people left in the whole wide world — you and Peter Noone.

ONE LAST CAB RIDE

Peter insists on taking you on one last cab ride. You discover that just sitting *in the back of one of those quaint old English taxis can be quite romantic, and the time flies by. The high point of your evening comes when Peter walks you to the doorway of your suite at The Dorchester. He holds your hand for a moment before saying good night, and you feel a warmth and sincerity which you have seldom felt for a boy before. You thank him for a lovely day and Peter says quite seriously,* "I *am the one who should thank* you. *It has been perfect —* luv." *Before you realize it, Peter Noone has given you a good-night kiss and turned and slowly walked away. Just before he enters the lift, he blows you another kiss — and then he is gone.*

And, though you are a little sad, most of you is very glad, because you have shared a perfect day with a perfect young man — and it is something you will never forget.

SAY "HELLO" TO THE STARS OF THE NEW SHOWS!

HERE THEY ARE! Meet the stars of the new TV shows — welcome back your old faves — and say goodbye to the shows that have moved to re-run land! Here are the fax — the name — network — and times! 16's SPEC goes all out for YOU!

Sally Field is the star of ABC-TV's **The Flying Nun.** You can watch her soar into the wild blue yonder every Thursday night from 8 to 8:30.

Mark Slade battles the Apaches as Billy Blue Cannon on NBC-TV's **High Chapparal.** You can watch him do his stuff every Sunday night from 10 to 11.

Tom Nardini will be lassoing lions on ABC-TV's **Cowboy in Africa** every Monday night from 7:30 to 8:30. Tom plays the part of John Henry.

Sajid Khan and Jay North travel through many jungle adventures with a friendly elephant in NBC-TV's **Maya.** Join them on Saturday nights from 7:30 to 8:30.

Robert Hooks, Frank Converse and Jack Warden play cops and robbers on ABC-TV's **N.Y.P.D.** Tune in for thrills on Tuesday nights from 9:30 to 10.

Dack Rambo climbs into the saddle every Friday night from 9:30 to 10 on ABC-TV's new Western series, **The Guns Of Will Sonnet.**

Wayne Maunder battles the Indians and the elements on ABC-TV's **The Legend Of Custer.** Stay away from the Little Big Horn, Wayne!

Ralph Taeger contributes to the taming of the West on ABC-TV's **Hondo.** He'll be dodging bullets and bad guys every Friday night from 8:30 to 9:30.

Ron Harper plays Lt. Craig Garrison on ABC-TV's World War II action epic, **Garrison's Gorillas.** Watch him out-fox the enemy Tuesday nights from 7:30 to 8:30.

SAY "HELLO, AGAIN" TO THE STARS OF THE SHOWS THAT ARE BACK AGAIN!

Peter, Micky, Davy and Mike will be back with a whole new bag of tricks on NBC-TV's **The Monkees.** For music and laughs, tune in Monday nights from 7:30 to 8.

William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy will explore the universe again on **Star Trek.** You can follow their adventures in space every Friday night from 8:30 to 9:30 on NBC-TV

Bob Random has another ticket to ride the rough-and-tumble railroad on ABC-TV's **The Iron Horse.** You can ride along too every Saturday night from 9:30 to 10:30.

Justin Tarr, Chris George and Larry Casey will be kickin' up the sand again on ABC-TV's **The Rat Patrol.** Watch them on Monday nights from 8:30 to 9.

David McCallum and Robert Vaughn are in NBC -TV's **The Man From U.N.C.L.E.** Watch them thwart T.H.R.U.S.H. every Monday night from 8 to 9.

Yale Summers and the rest of the **Daktari** gang will be back on CBS-TV every Tuesday night. Watch Yale and his jungle friends from 7:30 to 8:30.

Lee Majors rides again on ABC-TV's smash Western series, **The Big Valley.** See Lee help the good guys every monday night from 10 to 11.

Marlo Thomas continues her struggle as a light-hearted young actress in New York when **That Girl** returns to ABC-TV. Laugh with her on Thursday nights from 9 to 9:30.

Dennis Cole is still on the side of law and order in ABC-TV's **Felony Squad.** See justice triumph every Monday night from 9 to 9:30.

Bill Cosby and Robert Culp have some brand-new wisecracks on NBC-TV's **I Spy.** They'll be doing their snooping every Monday night from 10 to 11.

Dick and Tom Smothers are back to tickle your funnybones every Sunday night on CBS-TV. Laugh along with them from 9 to 10 on **The Smothers Brothers Show.**

AND SAY "GOODBYE" TO THE STARS OF THE TV SERIES THAT ARE GONE– BUT NOT FORGOTTEN!

Noel Harrison and Stephanie Powers leave the battle against T.H.R.U.S.H. to Napolean and Illya. NBC-TV's **The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.** was a lot of fun.

Keith and Kevin Schultz, Michael Anderson, Jr., and the rest of ABC-TV's **The Monroes** will all be following separate careers now. You'll be seeing them soon.

David Janssen has been proven innocent at last, but we have a feeling that ABC-TV's **The Fugitive** will be re-running for some time.

James Darren took us on trips to the past, present and future on ABC-TV's **The Time Tunnel.** We had the time of our lives watching you, Jim!

Diana Rigg and Patrick Macnee, stars of ABC-TV's **The Avengers,** are taking a little vacation. There is a good chance that **The Avengers** will be back **next** season. Hope so!

Frank Converse made a big hit with **16** readers on CBS-TV's **Coronet Blue.** The series is gone — but Frank is back on ABC-TV's **N.Y.P.D.** Sure glad we didn't lose you too, Frank!

Rick Nelson gave us a lot of summer fun on ABC-TV's summer series, **Malibu U.** Thanks for the "education", Rick!

ABC-TV's **Where The Action Is** deserves a very special Goodbye. **Action** introduced us to some of the biggest recording stars in the business. Thanks for all the fun, songs and dancing. We'll never forget you!

You can write to these stars as E-Z as turning on your TV set. Address your letters to the star of your choice, include the name of the TV show, and send it to the address of the network the show appears on!

ABC-TV is located at ABC-TV Center, Hollywood 27, Calif.

NBC-TV is located at NBC-TV, Hollywood, Calif.

CBS-TV is located at TV City, Hollywood, Calif.

(Be sure to put "I Am A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope!)

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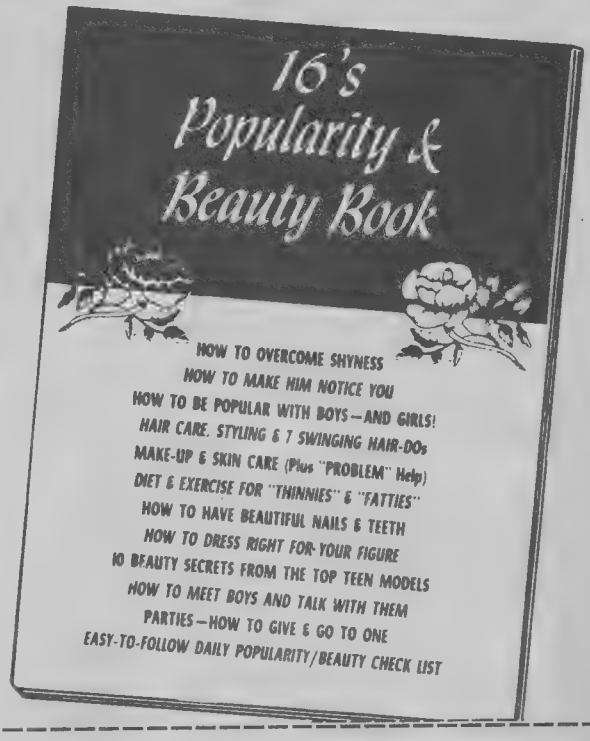
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16's SPEC — FALL '67

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30 THINGS YOU NEVER PAUL REVERE,

PAUL REVERE

Paul's daughter Jody, who is five years old, has just started kindergarten. Paul's wife, Sharon, drives Jody back and forth from the school — which Jody is *wild* about.

Paul and Sharon's white Husky (an Eskimo dog) "Angel" got married to Keith Allison's German shepherd "Otis," and now they (the two pooches) are the proud parents of eight groovy little puppies.

Not to be outdone by "accident prone" Mark Lindsay, Revere — a go-kart enthusiast — recently badly skinned his hand and the right side of his leg while trying to warm up his go-kart in his driveway! All neatly healed by now, thank you.

Jamie, Paul and Sharon's one-and-a-half-year-old son, recently was rushed to the hospital to have his stomach pumped. He was playing around the garage and drank some engine cleaner. He is O.K. now, but Mom and Pop Revere are still trying to figure out how he climbed up to that *high shelf* and got hold of the stuff!

Family man Revere loves to spend quiet weekends at home playing with the kids, looking at TV and polishing his fabulous red and white Excalibus — which is the line-for-line copy of a 1935 Mercedes Motorcar.

Paul hates untrue stories about himself and any of the Raiders. Recently, he was unnerved by one of those "bleep" magazines that rambled on about what Paul does on dates!!! Paul has been happily married for over six years and his favorite "date" is his wife, Sharon.

Paul's full, real name used to be Paul Revere Dick — as published in a recent article in *The Omaha World Herald*. Revere is an old family name and when Paul started his own group, he decided to drop the Dick part of his name as Paul Revere and the Raiders sounded better. Not too long ago, Paul legally changed his name to *Paul Revere* for business reasons.

Recently, Paul and Sharon bought a large block of land on a hill in Boise, Idaho. They have already started floor plans for their dream home there and hope to move in within two years.

Among Paul's chief dislikes is noisy parties. He hates crowded rooms and loud music, small talk and forced meetings with strangers.

KNEW ABOUT — JOE JR. and FREDDY

JOE CORRERO, JR.

The first and foremost love in Joe's life is drumming. With him, it is almost a full-time occupation. However, he does have *one* frailty: a weakness for the opposite sex.

Joe likes girls who are not over five feet and seven inches tall. Though he digs little girls with long, dark hair, he is not super-particular about coloring.

The first thing Joe notices about a girl is her eyes, and the second thing he notices is her mouth!

Though Joe likes girls who are attractive, *personality* is more important to him than looks. He prefers girls who are self-assured but not pushy, and who are considerate of his and others' sensitivities.

The biggest disappointment Joe has ever had to face was during his early years in show business. After working with one group for five years, he was heartbroken to see it fall apart inside of six months. As Joe put it, "Everything went wrong, but I learned to face reality and now I can cope with any bad things that come my way."

Joe's closest friend is his mom. She has stuck by him through thick and thin, and when most of his relatives urged him to give up drumming his mom kept encouraging him. She told him, "You will make it one day, son" — and she was right!

Though Joe enjoys making money, basically he is not an extravagant person. He is happy with the simple necessities of life and does not desire to own a lot of things.

The greatest thrill of Joe's life was becoming a Raider and being able to work with ". . . four groovy people — who are really down-to-earth, straight and good-minded."

Of course, being a Raider has its disadvantages too, as Joe has learned. But the only thing he really dislikes about his work is the fact that he does not have time to date very much any more.

Joe hates to see girls in slacks, Bermudas or shorts — so if you dig the Raiders' drummer, you'd better be a neat dresser. Stick to skirts, blouses and dresses.

WELLER

FREDDY WELLER

Freddy is ABSOLUTELY SINGLE! He was *utterly* dismayed when he read in a *schlock* magazine something about him being married to a ". . . beautiful girl named Kay." Freddy doesn't even know a girl named Kay! He's a human being and does go out on dates (thank goodness), but he ain't married, ain't engaged, and ain't got no steady. So stay *cool*, all you Freddy-Frantics.

Freddy is very quiet, but he does love to talk A LOT. Freddy isn't pushy, so most people think he has nothing to say. If you sit still and listen when you're with friendly Freddy, you will find out that he not only has plenty to talk about — just that all *of it is well worth listening to!*

Deep in his heart, Freddy Weller is a hillbilly! He was born and raised on the music of Hank Williams, Lester Flatt and Earl Scrugss, and he is wild about Blue Grass guitar pickin' (which, incidentally, is Peter Tork's favorite kind of music).

Freddy's all-time fave hit tune is the Fortunes' *You've Got Your Troubles I've Got Mine.* His second fave is Billy Joe Royal's hit, *Down In The Boondocks.* Freddy played with Billy Joe at the time and watched that song grow from its inception to its smash success. Great thrill!

If you can cook, you are halfway to winning Freddy Weller's heart. He loves home-cooked meals. If you want to make an immediate conquest, start with Southern fried chicken and follow through with fresh vegetables, mashed potatoes and gravy, and a pie fresh out of the oven for dessert.

Lucky Freddy has never been seriously ill a day in his life. Though he says he is not superstitious, when he gave this item to 16's Spec he quietly knocked on wood!

Freddy's ideal girl would be between five feet and two inches tall and five feet and five inches tall. He likes long hair (straight of medium length and, though he prefers brunettes — he's not all *that* picky. He likes for girls to have a slim figure and looked well-groomed.

The most important thing about a girl to Freddy, however, is not her looks. He says, "That's all on the surface. What's underneath is what really counts."

When it comes to personality, Freddy digs girls who are bubbly but patient; who have a well-rounded, general education, but who don't flout their knowledge. He likes optimists with an open outlook on life.

Last bit of advice to those of you who *particularly* like Raider Freddy Weller: remember that he is a bit shy and will need encouragement from you if you want to get through to him. So if you meet Freddy and like him, don't be afraid to let him know it. *Don't* come on strong, but do show him in little ways — with a gesture or a word — that he has *all* your interest and attention. In other words, *you* have to break the ice — but once it's broken, you'll be glad. For you will learn that Freddy Weller is one truly *wonderful* boy!

Paul Revere

Love Charlie

Thanks!

Love
Freddy

PEACE
For you
Mickey Dolenz

Peace!
Mike Hewitt

PHOTOS BY ERIC SKIPSEY. WORLD COPYRIGHT BY 16's SPEC.

MARK & HIS MARVELOUS "THREADS"!

"Madman Marcus" models his own personally designed fab gear in a first showing exclusively for 16's SPEC!

NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU DIG IT, me dears — a boy simply can't *run around bare-chested with a rose between his teeth* all *the time. Realizing this, "Madman Marcus" Lindsay decided quite a while ago to do something about the "problem." Never an ordinary dresser, Mark went to great lengths (like 3,000 miles!) to find just the kind of clothes* he *wanted — clothes that were* him *— and to have them custom-made. He personally designed all of the fabulous gear you see on these two pages and then flew all the way to New York City to have his designs made up by one of America's finest* tailleurs *— Bob de Miele. So welcome to Mark Lindsay's* first *and* totally exclusive Spec *fashion show.* P.S.: *When you get through looking, if you decide that you like Mark best as he appears up there with the rose between his teeth — well, you can always turn back to this page!*

This pure silk ruffled shirt was inspired by etchings of Keats and Lord Byron—straight out of the 1800's.

Mark's very favorite shirt is this bright green paisley with a jillion buttons and pleats on it.

Holding his favorite Spanish "flamenco" hat, Mark goes "op art" in wild black and white!

Mark swings all the way back to mod with an eye-grabbing green and white striped jacket. He had tight tapered white silk pants and bright green boots made to go with it.

Speaking of Spanish — the "Latin" influence takes over in this fabulous black suit, complete with brocade and "gaucho" slits up the front of the slacks.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

DAVY'S SECRET SWEETHEART?

Davy's most devoted "fan" . . . .

And everywhere that Davy went . . . .

"Oops! Now, just a **minute** — !"

"Listen, my name ain't **Mary** — and **you** ain't a **lamb!**"

"Oh — you wanta have your picture taken with me? O.K., smile pretty."

"Now you wanta WHAT?!"

"All right, just **one** kiss. But, uh — er — have you seen your **dentist** lately?"

MORE MONKEE GA-GA PIX ON PAGE 48

STONES SURPRIZE!

Would YOU believe that Mick, Keith, Brian, Charlie and Bill ever looked like **THIS**?!

IT'S a long way from the tots and toddlers and boyish twigs you see here to the five young men who have won world fame as the Rolling Stones — but they *are* one and the same. Once upon a time Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, Brian Jones, Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman were little boys pretty much like little boys everywhere. They looked like little boys, they acted like little boys and they grew up (as little boys will do) to be tall and handsome young men — but with one big difference. They banded together and became the sensational Rolling Stones. In this *16* Magazine exclusive, you see the Stones as they were in childhood and as they are today.

Mick at nine years....and now.

Baby Keith, six months old....and today.

Bill when he was five years . . . . and now.

Brian, two and a half years old . . . . and now.

Adorable Charlie at two years . . . . and today.

a dream day with Mike Smith of the DC5

In every girl's life there is a day to remember, a day to treasure always — a perfectly wonderful day just like this.

THE SKY over London is brilliant blue with soft fleecy clouds as your jetliner drops from high over the Atlantic Ocean toward the airport. It is almost ten o'clock in the morning, and your heart knows a sudden joy as you see that the plane is going to be right on time — for in his letter to you, Mike Smith (yes, handsome Mike Smith of the exciting DC5) asked you to arrive early so that you and he would not waste a single precious hour of the perfect day he has planned for you!

You look down from your seat beside the window as the huge jetliner sinks lower and lower. London's airport rushes up at you, and the plane levels off. The wheels touch the tarmac and your eyes eagerly search the skimming buildings for Mike. The plane comes to a halt, and you are up the aisle as fast as your lovely legs will carry you past the other passengers, now beginning to edge toward the door. The morning air is tangy, and you take a deep breath. Now you've descended the stairway and are crossing the tarmac — **and there he is!** Mike Smith is running toward you to welcome you to merrie England!

He stops and looks at you, and you suffer a moment of panic (**Will he like me?**, you wonder. **Will he be glad I came?**) The answer is in his sudden smile and the intimate touch of his hand on yours as he takes your overnight bag and escorts you to his waiting pride and joy, his black XKE.

Mike tucks you into the car and settles beside you behind the wheel, then looks at you again. "Hey, I'm **hungry!**" he announces. "Are you?"

You have been so full of anticipation all during the flight that you haven't had much room for food, but now — yes! — you **are** hungry, and Mike whips the XKE away from its parking place and off you go!

Mike has chosen a Saturday for your perfect day because London, he explains, really jumps on Saturday. You are dying with curiosity as to where Mike is taking you to lunch, but he is talking to you at such a bright and merry clip you wouldn't interrupt him for anything! Then, abruptly, as if he has read your mind, Mike says, "We're on our way to Chelsea. It's very much like your Greenwich Village in New York City — quaint and Victorian. Two of my very favorite restaurants are in Chelsea — the Hungry Horse on Fulham Road and Oates, a quiet little out-of-the-way place off Kings Road. Let's go to Oates. Kings Road is like Main Street in your home town — so you're sure to feel at home there — and just about everybody will be there, especially on Saturday."

Lunch is delicious, with more dishes to choose from than you had dreamed existed, and as you come to the end of it, full of contentment, Mike announces that he is taking you on a tour of the boutiques. So, off you go again, first strolling along Kings Road and then getting more and more bug-eyed as you drop into Countdown, Top Gear, Four-Thirty, Granny Takes A Trip and other fab shops where you are literally overcome with a succession of way-out styles.

Mike rescues you and you take off again along Kings Road, this time to one of his favorite sidewalk cafes, Guys and Dolls, where you both have banana splits — "The best," Mike informs you, "in town."

You sit for a while enjoying the sights of Kings Road (the passersby are a four-star attraction all to themselves!) and then Mike takes your hand and leads you back to his XKE. Mike loves to go for long drives and so do you (it gives you a chance to be alone with Mike!). On the outskirts of London you come to a great mansion set on lovely, rolling acres — 300 acres, Mike tells you. It's an estate fit for royalty, and actually (you learn) it is! The name of the mansion is Woburn Abby, it is 500 years old, and it is owned by the Duke of Bedford. Since the estate is open to the public, you and Mike wander through it — and 500 years of glorious English history seems to comfort you wherever you turn.

It doesn't seem possible that the two of you can be hungry again, but you are. And now Mike has a surprise for you, so sweet and unexpected that you feel as if you might cry.

"We're having dinner at my home in Hertfordshire, just outside of London," Mike says, turning to you and looking at you softly when you are again in his car. "My mum's a marvelous cook and dinner will be all ready when we arrive."

Mike's mum is a dear and the dinner she puts before you and Mike is out of this world! While you stuff yourselves, Mike explains that he and his family just moved into the house and one section is entirely his, so that he has an apartment of his own — so to speak. "We're still decorating," he says with a grin, "so if you have any ideas, you can help out."

The sun has set and night has fallen, and Mike decides that it is a proper time to take you to the Scotch of St. James. It is a swinging club decorated in red plaid, and it has a live band as well as recordings. As you settle at your table, you see many British pop stars at other tables — and when you dance with Mike, you notice one star performing with the club band.

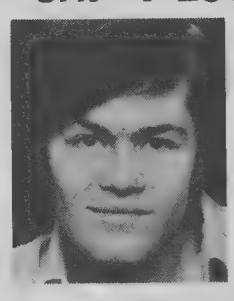
Finally, Mike pays the check and leads you to Maze's, an intimate place down the street from the Scotch. There he orders coffee for the two of you, and you sense that he has brought you here because it is almost time to say goodbye and he wants to have the last moments of your perfect day alone with you — away from the crowds and the conversation and the music and the excitement of the Scotch. He takes your hand, without speaking, and you sit close together, at one with each other.

Then, still without speaking, Mike leads you to his XKE, tucks you in again, sits beside you and takes the wheel, and drives toward the airport.

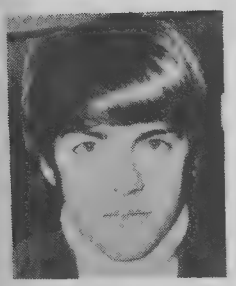
Just as silently, he escorts you toward your appointed place, where you will be taken to your plane. He stops and looks at you. "It's been wonderful," he tells you softly, "a day I'll never forget. You must come again. Soon. We have so many things to see, so many things to talk about and share. Will you come back?"

You nod; you don't trust yourself to speak. Mike kisses you lightly, tenderly. And then he is gone. But not for always. One day you'll meet again. In London. On a brilliantly blue Saturday morning.

DAVY JONES BEGS:
"SAY 'I LOVE YOU' BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!"



MICKY DOLENZ REVEALS
THE TRUE SECRET OF FALLING IN LOVE!



MARK LINDSAY SHARES
HIS "PRIVATE THOUGHTS OF LOVE" WITH YOU!

HERMAN SHOWS
YOU HOW TO SAY "YES" TO LOVE!

DINO MARTIN, JR. TELLS
WHAT TRUE LOVE IS AND HOW TO SHARE IT!

PETER TORK CONFIDES
HIS "LOVE SECRETS" TO YOU!

YOU GET ALL OF THIS STRAIGHT-FROM-THE-HEART ADVICE FROM THE STARS — AND MUCH, MUCH MORE — IN 16'S FABULOUS ALL STAR LOVE STORY BOOK

JUST LOOK at the list of stars who speak to you of love in this ultra-fantabulous *All Star Love Story Book*: **DAVY JONES, MARK LINDSAY, MICKY DOLENZ, HERMAN, PHIL (FANG) VOLK, PETER TORK, DINO MARTIN, JR., JIM (HARPO) VALLEY, PAUL McCARTNEY, SONNY & CHER!**

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16's SPEC — FALL '67

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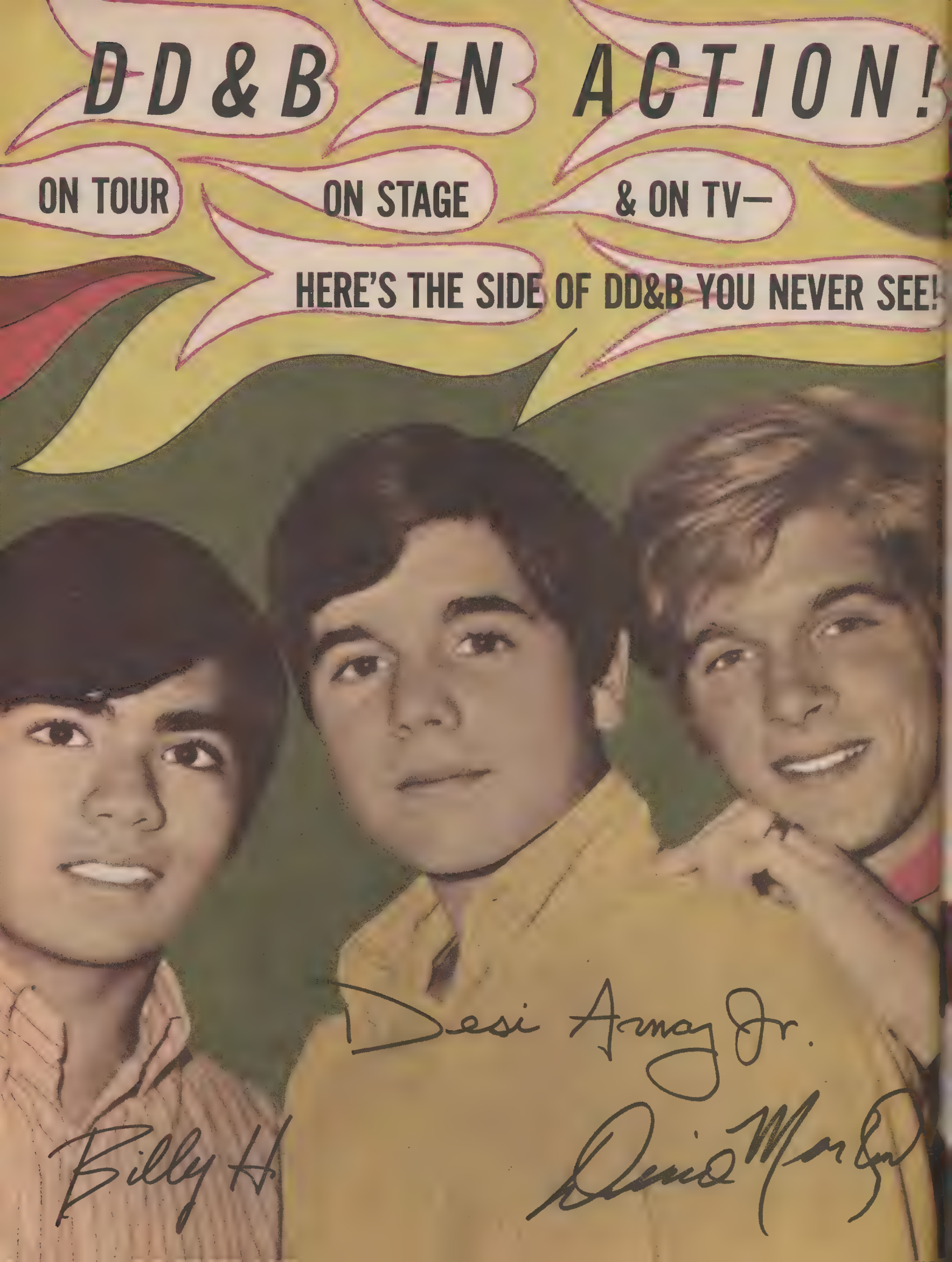
DD&B IN ACTION!

ON TOUR ON STAGE & ON TV—

HERE'S THE SIDE OF DD&B YOU NEVER SEE!



Dino and Desi look a bit apprehensive outside the arena in Orlando, Fla. This was just before the show — in which they shared the bill with the Raiders.

Desi plays cop between shows at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. Say, Desi — that's definitely "hitting below the belt"!

Time to go on — and Billy, as usual, has a smile on his face, his Rickenbacker in hand and energy all built up inside!

Host Sam Riddle warms up the audience just before DD&B appear on his groovy TV show, **Boss City**.

Hi-Ho! Remember Harpo? Well, he's **Jim Valley now** (see Page 53). This is how Desi, Jim and Dino looked the last time they filmed **Action!** together.

Desi is caught by **16**'s camera with a drum screw in his mouth as he makes some minor adjustments during DD&B's live performance in Atlantic City.

THE WOOING AND WINNING OF EDITOR GLORIA

Now we take you to Monkee-land, the mad, mad world of Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike. On the Screen Gems set in Hollywood, U.S.A., **16's SPEC** Editor Gloria Stavers is interviewing and photographing the boys. But here the "magnetic personality" of Monkee Micky is beginning to crack the businesslike decorum of our Editor Gloria.

He looks at her with a great big Micky grin. She looks at him —

— and they both break up (wouldn't **you?**)!

"They're not **caps,** Gloria — **honest!"**

And with that, Micky goes into his unbeatable "automation" imitation — which upends our Gloria even **more!**

Micky mugs — and it's just too **much.**

Helpless with laughter, they crack up together. Like we said — Monkee-land is a mad, **mad** world!

PETER IN PARIS— OR NEVER LET A MONKEE LOOSE!

"Welcome to gay Paree, leetle ones. I weesh to give you a veree private preview of my new swimsuit — designed by me personalee. Eet ees called ze Sing Sing, after your veree famous prison — no?"

"Notice ze stripes. Spectacular — you agree? My rivals, zey say **dots** would have been better. Dolts! Zey have no imagination! Zis ees ze season for **stripes!**"

"And now for my beeg fall showing. You will see Paree fashions modeled as never before!"

"Come, my beautees! Let ze readers of ze magnificent magazine **16** marvel at what I — Monsieur Peter, ze most fantastic fashion designer in all France — have wrought!"

"Tippetee-toe, tippetee-toe, tippetee-toe — and **a-w-a-a-y we go!**"

LOST IN THE JUNGLE OR

IS THIS ANY WAY TO RUN A SAFARI?

(STARRING MICKY, PETER, MIKE AND DAVY)

"You **sure** this is a **map,** Peter ol' scout? Looks like a **script** to me!"

"Ah-**hah!** You're **not** sure!"

"We're **lost!** Lost in darkest, **deepest** Africa!"

"Not **yet,** by gum! I'll be **Tarzan** and get us out of here! **Oh-hey-lo-lee-hey-lo!**"

"It worked! Hot Shot Mike Nesmith, the smartest scout in the jungle, has come to our rescue with his Number One Boy, Davy Jones! **Help** is here at **last!**"

"**Help** — you say? What kind of help is **this?!**"

"Davy baby — come and **save** us!"

MORE MONKEE GAGA PIX ON PAGE 58

GRAB IT NOW! 16's FAB NEW MONKEE PRIVATE PICTURE BOOK

100 NEVER BEFORE SEEN PIX

MONKEE HIDDEN CHILDHOOD PIX

8 SIGNED PIN-UPS

THEIR OWN FAVORITE PIX

BEHIND THE SCENES ON THE MONKEE SET

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PHIL (THE FARMER) VOLK

ONCE UPON A TIME in Idaho there was a healthy, happy country boy named Phil Volk. He's still healthy and happy —and, now that he's grown, he's handsome too. In addition, he's famous — known to one and all of you as the one-time Raider who is now a member of the Brotherhood.

Phil was a very merry Raider and gave us many a laugh. Let's turn back the years and share more fun (and maybe a few tears) with him when he was simply Phil (The Farmer) Volk.

At the State Fair in Boise, Idaho, 12-year-old Phil sold popcorn. Here he latches on to his dad, George, as a likely customer.

Phil and his favorite steed, "Flame," on the family farm at Nampa, Idaho. The Volks lived there for seven years.

Prize-winner Phil shows off his blue ribbon after a livestock contest at the State Fair.

Phil poses proudly with a steer he caught at a "calf scramble." He raised it for a year.

You can write to Phil Volk & The Brotherhood % Irene Volk, 12214 Miranda St. N., Hollywood, Calif.

a gift from "gentle" JIM VALLEY

LOVE is a familiar four-letter word. And so is HATE. But what a world of difference there is between the two. When one loves, one gives all the goodness one has to others to make a more perfect life. Peace. Understanding. Kindness. Generosity. These are the ways in which love is given and returned. To deny others even just one of them is to put oneself on the path to hate.

Jim Valley says it all in his gentle, tender lyric of his song *In Their Eyes*. Memorize the words, for they will help to make you a *loving* person and bless all of your thoughts and actions with *loving* understanding. Let this page be a "love in" between Jim Valley and *you*.

IN THEIR EYES

By Jim Valley

I have seen it in their eyes,
I have seen it in the sunrise.
I have seen what we call love;
Yet I have also seen the hate,
the fear, the greed that makes us fall.
Yet there's love and there's warmth,
And there's good and there's peace in us all.

From the day that you are born,
You are free to choose the form
of life that each of us shall want to live.
And you have the choice to share —
to learn, to grow, to give, to care.
And there's love and there's warmth,
And there's good and there's peace in us all.

When you see the beauty of a flower,
When you look into a baby's eyes,
Then if you are gentle and are quiet,
You will slowly start to realize.

And when you do forgive
The ones who make it hard to live.
You'll find yourself beginning to grow strong.
Understanding is the key,
To happiness — the will to be.
And there's love and there's warmth,
And there's good and there's peace in us all

LOVE
WARMTH
GOOD
PEACE
ALL

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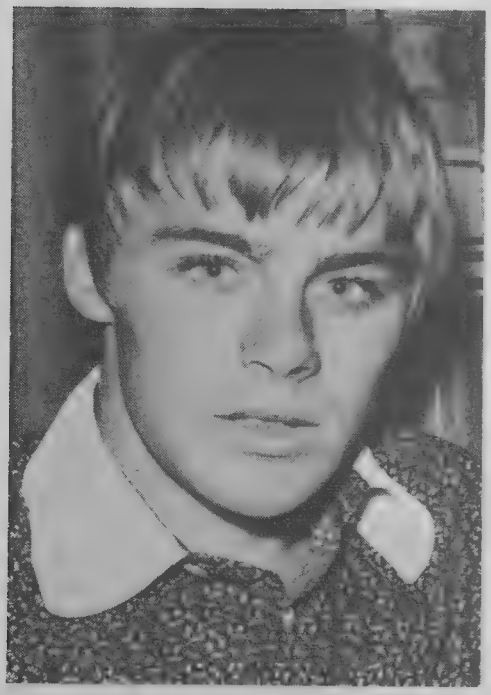
You can write to Jim Valley at P.O. Box 38267, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038. Be sure to put "I Am A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope.

16's NEWSREEL The "MOST

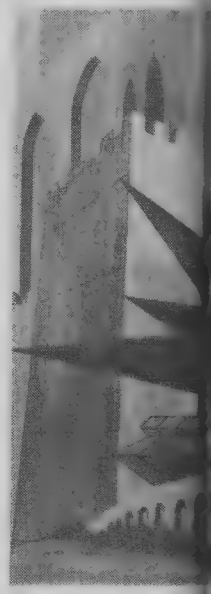
The newest Beatle baby made his debut in London's Queen Charlotte's Hospital on August 19. Here he is with his mother Maureen and his proud dad Ringo Starr! Introducing Jason Starr, who weighed in at eight pounds and five and one half ounces. **P.S.** Did you notice that Maureen dyed her hair blonde?

David McCallum and Kathy Carpenter were married in New York City in a quiet mid-September ceremony. They met a year and a half ago when Kathy was a model in a fashion layout David did. Congratulations to you both!



Luke Halpin will keep right on splashin' this winter when the best of the popular **Flipper** series will be re-run on NBC-TV. You'll find Brian Kelly, Tommy Norden and our favorite dolphin there too!

"Ben" and his buddy, Clint Howard, made their TV debuts on CBS this season in a great new series called **Gentle Ben.** "Ben" had **better** be "Gentle"!



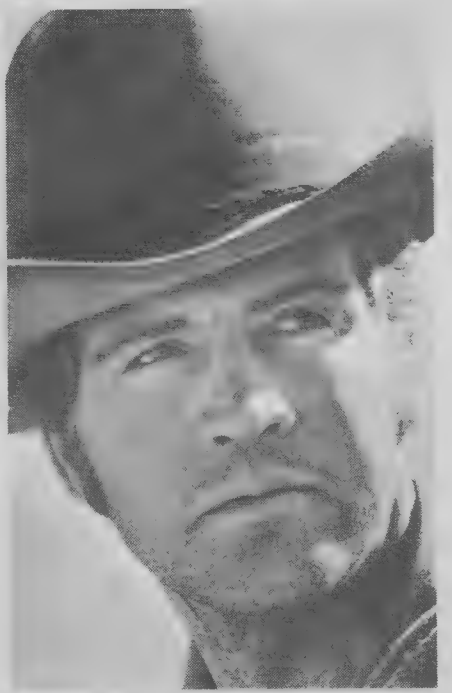
of the "HAPPENINGS" in the whole wide world!

How I Won The War, starring John Lennon as Corporal Gripweed, was finally released in England — to mixed reviews! At this printing, United Artists has not announced the release date in the U.S.A. Sure hope it's soon!

The hot and heavy romance between Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull kept on making headlines in England. Meanwhile, the Rolling Stones keep right on rolling toward Hit City with their smash single, We Love You. We love you, too!

Hayley Mills once again warmed the cockles of our hearts when **The Moonspinners** was re-released on TV. It was fun to see Hayley and Peter McEnery together again. Looks like her marriage to Roy Boulting is definite! Look for Hayley in a new movie called **A Nice Girl Like Me.** It's now being filmed in England.

This famous foursome returned to the Land Of Oz and the wonderful Wizard conjured up a whole new bag of tricks when MGM-TV's **Off To See The Wizard** premiered on ABC this fall! It's a wild combination of animated fun and live-action film adventure.



Lee Majors made his film debut as Charlton Heston's buddy and fellow cowhand in **Will Penny,** an exciting Western filmed in color by Paramount Pictures.

John Phillip Law again proved what a groovy actor he is! After finishing his starring role as a master criminal in Paramount's **Diabolik,** he started work right away on Paramount's **Barbarella** — portraying an angel! John can play **anything!**

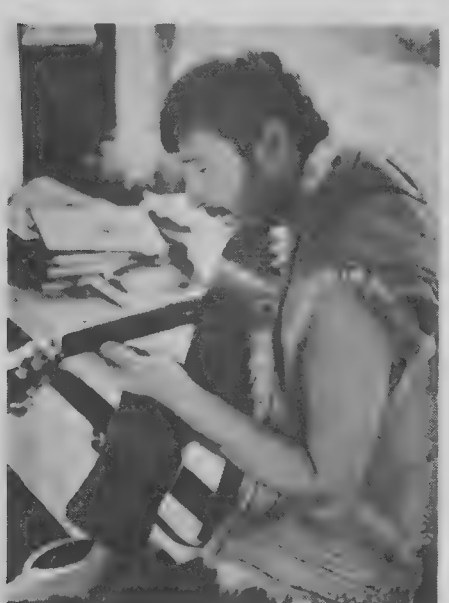
AT HOME WITH "PAPA" DENNY

ON the *highest* hill overlooking Hollywood stands a marvelous old mansion which used to be owned by a great lady of the cinema — Mary Astor. It is now occupied by the owner of one of the greatest singing voices in the world — Papa Denny Doherty. So come along to Denny's house and find out what his life behind the closed door is really like.

"Hi! Don't stand out there **peeping.** Come on inside!"

"First and foremost, I want you to meet my good friend 'Angus' . . ."

". . .'Angus' is an English sheep dog and he is quite affectionate — as you can see!"



"When I am alone, I often pick up my guitar and play and sing beside this window. You can sometimes see wild bunny rabbits and deer run by."

"No, I'm not going to jump. Just want to show you my favorite cyprus tree. The house is surrounded by acres and acres of my very own wilderness."

"Sorry you have to go so soon. Please come back another day. 'Angus' and I will be waiting for you!"

You can write to Denny and the rest of the Mamas and Papas at 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Frenchy's Freakies

16 affectionately announces another admirable and appealing achievement from our attractive ace-artist Miss Frenchy Blanch. This astonishing assemblage is Frenchy's accurate appraisal of the ASSOCIATION — and **16** ardently hopes it amazes and amuses **you!**

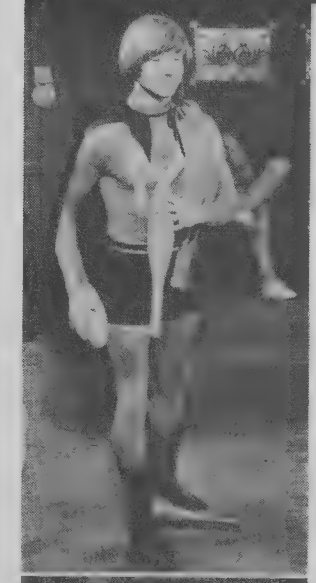
Starting with the bottom center, they are left to right — Brian Cole, Ted Bluechel, Jr., Terry Kirkman, Larry Ramos, Jim Yester and Russ Giguere.

You can write to The Association at 24 N. Mentor, Pasadena, Calif.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

DID ANYBODY HERE SEE A RABBIT?

STARRING PETER— The Missing Magician



"Ah — time for my magic act. First, I'll bedazzle everybody with my Indian clubs, then — then I'll spring my rabbit from the folds of my magic cape!"

"Oops — dropped one! Uh — dropped two! Er — three! Guess I'd better sneak out my rabbit, or my audience will disappear before I do!"

"Gleeps! Forgot to bring the rabbit! But the show must go on, so back to the clubs. Oof! — dropped one . . . .!"

"Do **you** see what I see — ? All those **eyes** — **staring** at us?!"

"Just keep looking while I spin the wheel. . . . Now let your eyes close — slowly — **slowly**. . . . Now, repeat after me: 'I am **hypnotized**. You have me in your **power**. I am your **slave**!' "

the mad, MAD, MA

"Good heavens! Here **he** comes **again!**"

"**Aaragh!** Save me! It's the —"

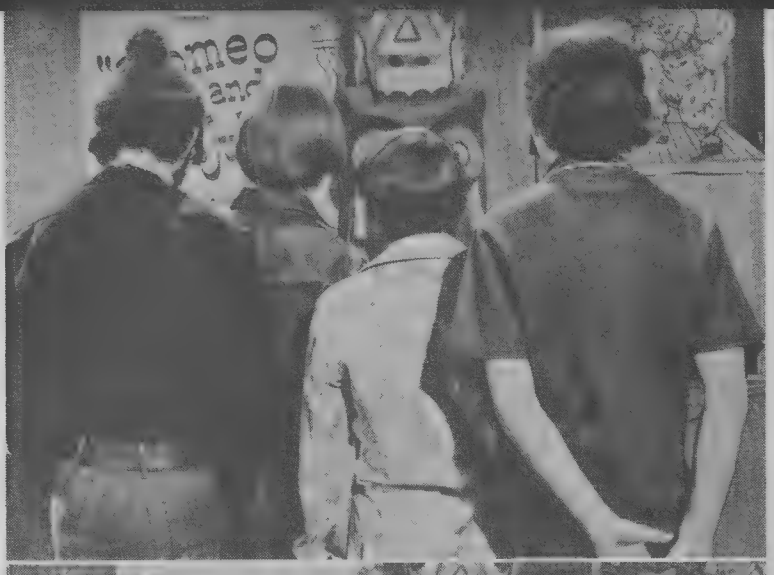
"At last — a candidate we can trust! An example to the youth of America — approved by everybody!"

"WHA' HAPPENED?!"

"But, **Bert** — you said we'd be **TV** and **record stars!**"

D WORLD OF MONKEE-LAND!

"— **Black Terror** of Studio Seven!"



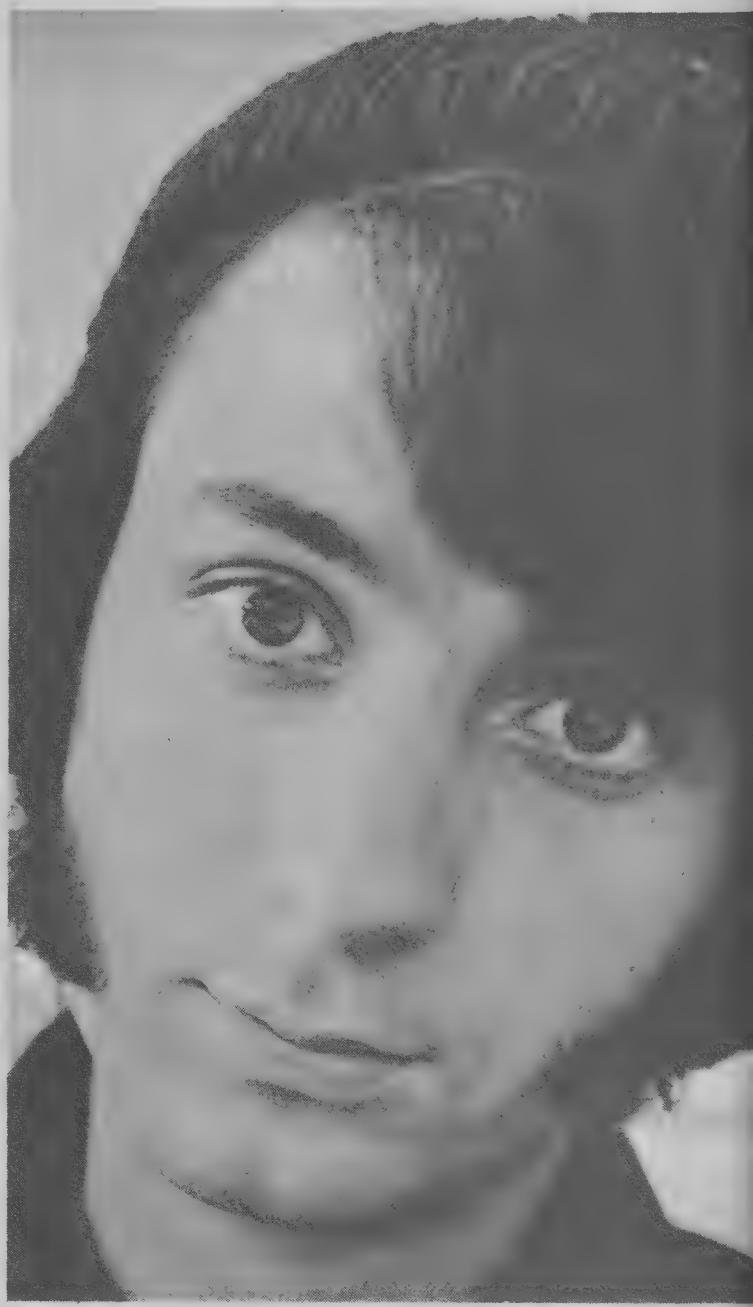
"O.K., troops! ABOUT —"

"— FACE! **(Eek!)**"

"Togetherness" is the word that best describes Mike's life — a happy togetherness of Mike, Phyllis, Christian, their two dogs "Spotte" and "Frack" . . . and YOU, their very favorite guest!

A DAY IN THE LIFE— of MIKE NESMITH

IF YOU WERE A FLY on the wall of Mike Nesmith's beautiful $280,000 hilltop estate, you would have to wake up bright and early not to miss any of the action — for when Mike has the day off, it's guaranteed to be action-packed. Mike is up and out by 6:30 A.M.— and off to the shooting range he is building on his property. He spends about an hour working on the targets he's constructing, and then he spends another hour practicing his marksmanship with one of the guns from his new collection. If you haven't guessed by now, Mike's latest craze is collecting guns and his newest ambition is to be a sharpshooter.



TEXAS BREAKFAST

It's 8:30 or so by the time Mike gets back to the house, but Phyllis is already preparing his breakfast. She knows that he'll be *plenty* hungry today, so she's made him a real Texas-type eye-opener. First, Mike has orange juice; then fresh strawberries with cream, followed by a bowl of chili with scrambled eggs and hashed brown potatoes. All of this is topped off with a large glass of cold milk.

Early in the afternoon, Mike, Phyllis and Christian go for a ride in their new Mini-Cooper. "Spotte" and "Frack", the Nesmiths' two large dogs, are not left out of the fun. They're almost as tall as the Mini-Cooper is, and they love "running along beside the car". The dogs and car running together create quite a spectacle, and more than once a passing vehicle has almost careened off the dangerous winding hillside curves as the driver gawks in amazement at "the circus of Mr. Nesmith."

THE PENNY ARKADE

A leisurely evening with the Nesmiths will probably find you dining at a very fine French restaurant in Beverly Hills. After a delicious dinner, Phyllis and Mike will take you to see the Penny Arkade, a new group Mike is sponsoring — the leaders of which are two adorable boys named Chris and Craig. Tonight, the Penny Arkade is appearing at the Spectrum, one of the Sunset Strip's liveliest clubs. While you're sitting there, the "Monkee crowd" — consisting of Davy Jones, David Pearl, Micky Dolenz, Henry Diltz and Peter Tork — comes pouring in. And the last thing you remember about a day in the life of Mike Nesmith is this fabulous high point of music, talk and friendship. The Monkee brigade has turned out to be just like you always thought they would be — a regular fun-loving gang of groovy guys.

It's HERE! It's HERE! It's HERE!

THE MONKEES' OWN SELECTION FROM ALL OF THE PICTURES EVER TAKEN OF THEM IS HERE IN ONE FIZZY, SWINGY, ULTRA BEZAZZLING BOOK —

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WHAT'S MORE, THE COLLECTION INCLUDES • TWO HUGE, GORGEOUS SIGNED PIN-UPS OF DAVY, MICKY, PETER & MIKE • 20 REVEALING CANDIDS WHICH SHOW WHAT THE MONKEES ARE REALLY LIKE IN THEIR PRIVATE LIVES • THREE CHILDHOOD PIX OF EACH MONKEE CAPTIONED BY THE MONKEES THEMSELVES!

THERE will never be another picture book like this one — cos *this* is the book of Monkee pictures chosen by the Monkees *themselves*. And the pictures they chose are their favorite pix of themselves. So don't miss this chance of a lifetime to get the exciting, super-glam portraits and candids Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike like *best* of all the many, many pictures ever taken of them!

All you have to do is print your name and address on the coupon on this page, and then cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon — together with a *one-dollar bill*. Quick-asaflash you'll receive your personal copy of the eye-popping picture book: *Monkees: "Our Favorite Pix."* That's all it takes — just the coupon and a one-dollar bill. *Act now!*

MONKEES: "OUR FAVORITE PIX" **16's SPEC — FALL '67**

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MARK & CHARLIE

They were looking for a peaceful, relaxing vacation, free of care and woe — but fate had other things in mind for them!

WHEN PAUL REVERE and Mark Lindsay and the Raiders finished their record-breaking 31-day, one-night-stand summer tour all over America it was only natural that Paul, Mark, Charlie, Freddy and Joe were in a state of near collapse. Each Raider decided to take a few days off and do exactly what he wanted to do — something that would completely relax each of the guys after their exciting but grueling concert tour.

It had been over two years since Mark Lindsay had revisited Boise, Idaho — where he had spent most of his childhood. Charlie, also from Boise, hadn't been home since he had become a Raider. So the two guys decided to hop into their cars and drive to what *promised* to be a restful, relaxing vacation in their native Idaho. Charlie left a few days ahead of Mark, driving in his 1967 sable-bronze El Dorado. Mark followed in his racing-red, super-fast Ferrari. Charlie went straight home to his folks' house and Mark (whose family lives on a farm 200 miles north of Boise) stayed at the Downtowner Motel — the newest and most modern motel in Boise.

MARK LOOKS BACK

"It seems strange to me," Mark recalled in an exclusive *16*'s *Spec* interview, "to go driving by the places where Paul and I got started as a group. In 1960 we had played in a sort of drive-in place called The Reed And Bell. Kids used to go there to dance. It was a ball — but now the place is gone. I also saw The Crazy Horse, which was a teenage nightclub and is now a beauty parlor — and The Trocadero, a dance hall where we used to play. The doors were closed and the windows were shuttered. Another one of our favorite spots, The Miramar Ballroom, has since burned down.

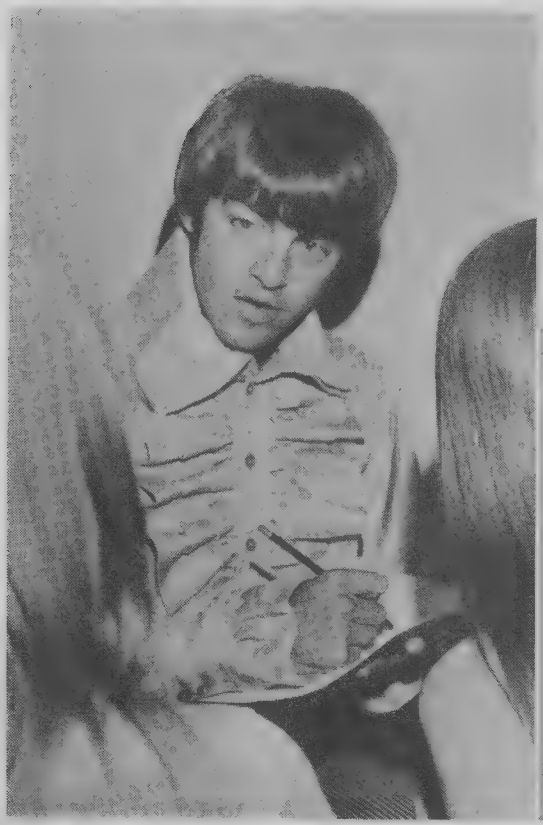
"The population of Boise has doubled since those days and the highways are so jammed with new eating spots that I couldn't even find Revere's old drive-in. I went by one house where I used to live with a musician named Tim Bosworth. He was in a group called the Hitchhikers. Charlie Coe used to play with them. Tim I worked all the time, but we hardly ever got paid. The house we lived in was a teeny, narrow little thing — and it was kind of rickety. It felt real funny to sit in the car and look at it. I remember the good times we used to have there, and how we once papered the walls with egg crates and painted them orange, gold and white in order to liven the place up."

NO REST FOR THE WEARY

Mark had hoped that he could rest in Boise, look at some farm land and then drive on up north to his family's home, but fate had made other plans for him. First off, within no time the whole city seemed to know that the fabulous lead singer of the Raiders was staying at the Downtowner. He was deluged with phone calls, the lobby was continually crowded with "unexpected" visitors of all ages, and even his car got a free paint job — mostly lipstick notes like: *I love you Mark — Mary.*

"I was really very complimented," Mark said later. "It's nice to know that people know who you are and want to see you. When Charlie and I were asked to do a TV film by Ben Goddard, head of the News Department of KTVB-TV, we felt grateful. We spent a whole afternoon rambling around Ann Morrison Park while Ben's camera crews filmed us. We fed ducks, threw rocks in the lake and ate a picnic lunch. Later, we were able to see part of the film on TV and Bob told us that he is thinking of doing a documentary on the Raiders."

Bobbie Harrison, a reporter for *The Idaho Daily Statesman*, managed to nail Mark for an interview when he made an "appearance" at Sander's Furniture Store for his friend (the



Mark signs autographs at Sanders Furniture Store.

Charlie and Mark with 16-teeners Sandy Harrison and Pam Sarvis.

go back to BOISE

owner) Wayne Sanders – Mark and Charlie were both obliging. It turned out to be a sort of exciting free-for-all – with Bobbie getting her story, a photographer getting some groovy pictures, and two teenagers from Borah High getting a fantastic interview for their school paper. At the same time Mark managed to spend an hour or two discussing business with Jack Bachmann, co-owner of E.N.C.Q.R., a company that makes microphones in which Mark is interested in investing.

Before Mark started his drive to northern Idaho, he managed to spend a day at the Coe's residence in Boise. "It was wonderful – having the boys at home again," Mrs. Coe told *16*'s *Spec*. "They lolled around the house, played with 'Poopsie' and 'Poopsie' (Charlie's two Burmese cats), watched TV, enjoyed home cooking and, well, everything was just like it used to be. Except, of course, the phone and doorbell *never* stopped ringing. Why, I didn't realize how many teenage girls there are in Boise – and all of them seemed to be coming to our house. They just came in waves. Every time you thought it was over, it started up again."

Perhaps that was one of the reasons why Mark and Charlie decided to take off one afternoon for the highlands above Arrow Rock Dam, 30 miles outside of Boise. There, in the wilderness by a lake, Mark – a fireworks enthusiast (Charlie calls him a "pyromaniac" – shot off firecrackers and skyrockets for an hour. Charlie decided to go and visit an old friend of his, John Arant, at his cabin beside Warm Lake.

CLIPPIN' MARK'S WINGS

"Mark the Loner" drove around the countryside in his Ferrari for a while. It is no secret that one of Mark's great weaknesses is *speed,* and this night's drive was no different from any other in that as soon as he found a deserted country road, he gunned his Ferrari and *took off!*

"I don't remember whether I had been driving for ten minutes or an hour," Mark says. "All I know is that suddenly I heard sirens and saw bright lights flashing behind me. When I pulled over, I sure knew who it was – the Idaho State Police!"

"Where are you flying to, son?" the patrolman sarcastically asked Mark. No point in going into details. Here is the way a news story succinctly put it:

> *Fast driving Mark Lindsay, lead singer of Paul Revere and the Raiders, got his wings clipped when he was clocked by the Boise Idaho Highway Patrol speeding along a deserted road at a speed "in excess of 90 mph". After paying a $95 fine and thanking the authorities for their courteous demeanor, Mark drove off at a speed* well *under the local limits.*

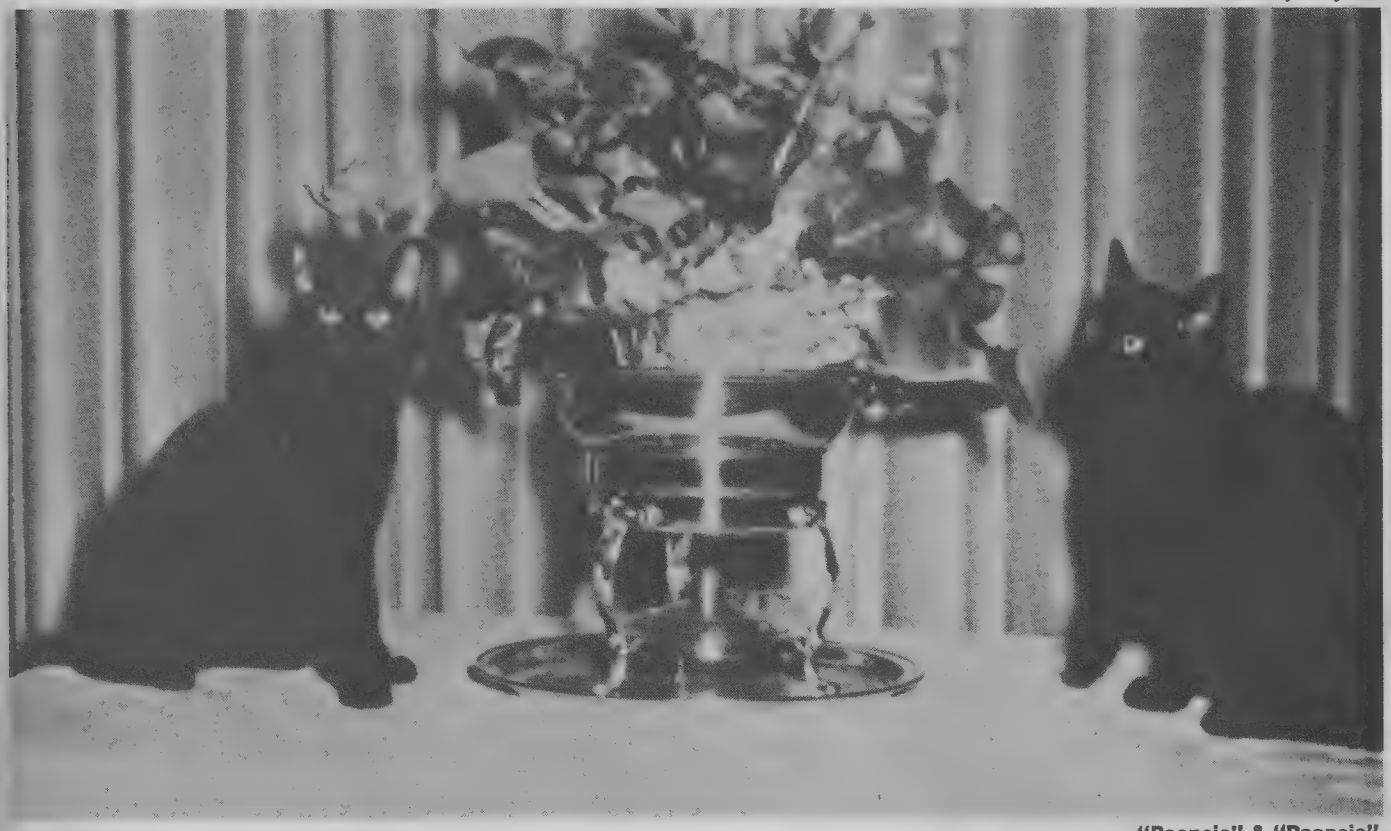
However, that was not *quite* the whole story. The judge sat Mark on a bench for a while to let him cool off and turned an indifferent ear to Mark's pleas that he be allowed to go home to see his folks for a while. As it turned out, Mark learned his lesson (for a while, anyway), but by the time he paid his fine, it was time for him to turn his Ferrari around and head for Los Angeles – where he was due for an important record session early the following morning.

That night, as Mark was packing his car in front of the Downtowner, 15 Borah High School girls paid him a surprise visit.

"It was kind of late," Mark said, "and I was touched that they had gone to so much trouble to find me, so I invited them all into the Downtowner patio for soda and cake. It turned out to be a party – really quite a groovy one."

"No matter where I go or whom I meet, I guess I am prejudiced. For my favorite people in the whole world are those warm, enthusiastic teenage girls who have not only made me, Paul and the Raiders into recording and concert stars — but who have each given us a little part of themselves, their hearts and their love. That means more to me than I could ever put into words. I thank *everyone* in Boise who helped to make my stay so enjoyable and I hope I see you again – and *soon!*"

Photos by Henry Gable.



"Poopsie" & "Poopsie".

monkees on tour

MICKY, DAVY, PETER and MIKE take off into the wild blue yonder — and YOU are THERE!

Micky Dolenz takes exclusive pix for **16's Spec!** Just before the Monkees' first London concert, David Pearl borrowed Micky's camera for this rare group shot.

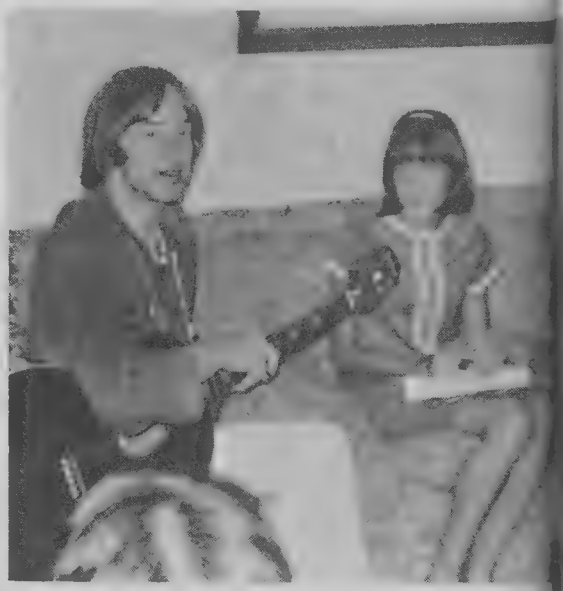
WORLD COPYRIGHT BY 16's SPEC.

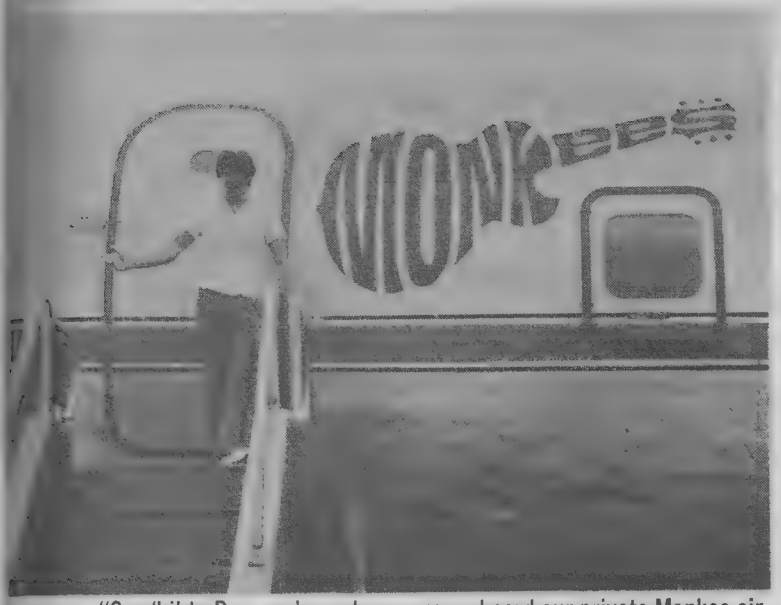
"Peter with Noel Redding, bass player for the Jimi Hendrix Experience, offer you a soda."

"Not to be outdone, Davy does the same. I snapped this pix in our suite at the Eden Roc Hotel in Miami."

"While we were in Florida our hairstylist, Michael Graber, gave me a 'shearing.' Actually, he is quite good and he travels with us everywhere we go."

"Here, Peter is interviewed by the high school press in North Carolina. The beads he is wearing were given to him by George Harrison."





"Say 'hi' to Davy as he welcomes you aboard our private Monkee airplane."

"Good heavens! What's this? Well, I guess Mike didn't know we were expecting company."

"Ahoy, there! T'is I — your private **16's Spec** photographer, looking for land through a table leg!"

"Phyllis joined us for a few days of the tour, and as you can see, Mr. Nesmith pulled himself together for the occasion."

"I say — what have we here? Don't get jealous, Phyllis — it's only 'Mr. Jinx,' a professional chimp, who finally found an understanding friend."

"A final shot of my three buddies in the Nashville recording session. Now, if they can **only** learn to sing!!"

GROUP NEWS

DIG THE LATEST AND THE RAVEY-EST ON YOUR FAVE MUSIC-MAKERS!

SHAZAM! The Byrds have **really** changed! Dig Chris, Dave, Mike and Roger (formerly Jim) **now!** Dave Crosby wrote their latest Columbia single, **Lady Friend.**

The Cowsills' latest single on MGM Records is called **The Rain, The Park And Other Things.** You can write to Cowsills Int. Fan Club, Ann Galina, Pres., 149 Penn Ave., Worcester, Mass.

One of the wildest sounds in town is coming from the New York Rock & Roll Ensemble. They play a combination of chamber music, Baroque music, Bach, Vivaldi and rock! Their new Atco single is called **Kiss Her Once.**

Wow! The Lewis & Clarke Expedition's new Colgems single, **I Feel Good (I Feel Bad)** is a folk rock number with a touch of calypso beat. They look pretty proud of it, too!

The Spencer Davis Group's new United Artist single is called **Time Seller.** Spencer, Pete, Eddie and Phil were top "seat sellers" at their concert in Westbury at the end of August.

Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart have just cut their first LP. It's called **Test Patterns** and it's on A&M Records. More to come!

Meet the Clear Light! You can see them in a forthcoming movie called **The President's Analyst**, starring James "Our Man Flint" Coburn. You can hear them on Elektra Records.

Meet the Cherokees. They are Australia's top pop group and they have just signed a contract with Columbia's Screen Gems. Left to right: Kevin, Marty, Peter, Peter Bilney and Doug.

Those swingin' Doors (lead singer Jim Morrison is standing center) just collected a gold record for their smash Elektra single **Light My Fire. Strange Days** is the name of their new LP — its a **don't miss!**

Looks like Every Mothers' Son have another smash hit with **Put Your Mind At Ease** on MGM Records. You can write them in care of Dominic Sicilia, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.

Noel, Jimi and Mitch are better known as The Jimi Hendrix Experience. Their terrif LP on Reprise Records is called **Are You Experienced.** Well, are you?

SPEC-ial DELIVERY!

THE NEW YORKERS

Dear Miss Stavers,

Please print this picture of a great new group called the NEW YORKERS. They are (clockwise, starting with the boy at bottom center): Brett Hudson, 14; Bill Hudson, 17; Kent Fillmore, 18; and Mark Hudson, 15. The three Hudson boys are brothers. They record on Scepter Records and their first single is *Mr. Kirby*. You can write to the NEW YORKERS at Box 42181, Portland, Ore. 97247. They promise to personally answer every letter they get.

Penny Gay

Portland, Ore.

The New Yorkers

MARK QUITTING?

Dear Miss Stavers,

I read in a *phooey* magazine that MARK LINDSAY may quit the RAIDERS. I don't believe that this is true, and if MARK *did* decide to go out on his own, I think that he'd tell *16* and *SPEC* first. There's been so much upheaval inside the RAIDERS, I just couldn't stand any more. Please tell me the truth!

Betty Paley

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Betty,

MARK has personally assured me that he has no plans at present to leave the group. He would very much like to make single records on his own once in a while, (like FRANKIE VALLI of the FOUR SEASONS does). I'm sure that if MARK is offered a groovy movie role, he will certainly take it. But, like I said before, at the present time MARK has no plans whatsoever to leave the RAIDERS. So stay cool, kitten.

DAVY'S BUDDY JEFF

Dear Miss Stavers,

I heard that DAVY JONES' buddy JEFF NEAL, who writes for *16* and is also an actor, was in the pilot film of *Coronet Blue* with Frank Converse. What's the scoop?

Mary Clearstone

Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Mary,

Yes, JEFF was in the pilot film of Coronet Blue. *He was ten years old and this is how he looked.*

"BONES" DIGGER

Dear Miss Stavers,

Would you please run a picture of DEFOREST KELLEY who plays "Bones" on *Star Trek* and tell me where I can write to him?

Pat Smith

Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Pat,

You can write to DEFOREST "Bones" KELLEY care of Star Trek, *NBC-TV, Hollywood, Calif.*

JIM RAVER

Dear Miss Stavers,

The DOORS are here to stay! In a while, they will be as necessary as windows. Can you tell me JIM MORRISON's birthday and how I can write to him?

Holly Axelton

Panorama City, Calif.

Dear Holly,

JIM was born on December 8, 1943, in Melbourne, Fla. He now lives in Hollywood and you can write to him at 8063 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

WILD ABOUT ALEJANDRO

Dear Miss Stavers,

I'm wild about ALEJANDRO REY, who is a regular on ABC-TV's *The Flying Nun*. Could you please run a picture of him and tell me where I can write to him?

Miriam Sharney

Chicago, Ill.

Mark

Jeff Neal at 10

DeForest Kelley

Beatle friends all over the world were saddened by the death of Brian Epstein, 32, the Beatles' manager. Mr. Epstein was more than just a manager; he was a close friend to John, Paul, George and Ringo. **SPEC** and **16** readers extend their deepest sympathy to the Beatles and all of those who share their sorrow.

Dear Miriam,

Here's a pix of ALEJANDRO. You can write to him at ABC-TV Center, care of The Flying Nun, *Hollywood, 27, Calif.*

Lynne & Anthony

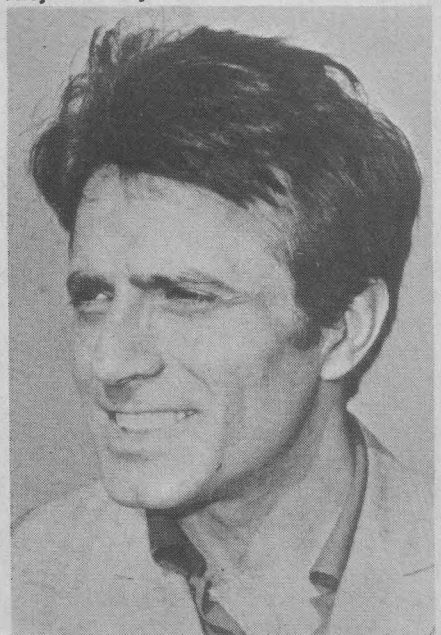
ANTHONY FAN — LYNNE

Dear Miss Stavers,

When the MONKEES were staying at the Eden Roc during their tour, my parents took me to the nightclub there to see ANTHONY & THE IMPERIALS perform. LYNNE RANDELL was in the audience, and afterwards I snapped this shot of her with ANTHONY. She was really sweet and she told me she did the Australian version of ANTHONY's hit *Going Out Of My Head* and it became number one there!

Jim

Alejandro Rey



ARE YOU MAD?

Are you frothing at the mouth? Are you fit to be tied? Because **every time** you arrive at your newsstand to pick up the latest issue of **16 SPEC** you discover that the last copy has just been sold—or that your newsstand doesn't carry **16 SPEC**?

If this is what **always happens** to you — or if this is what **always happens** to your friends at **their** neighborhood newsstands— YOU can help us to stop this nonsense and make sure that **your** copy of **16 SPEC** is on hand when you ask for it—and your friends' copies are available too! Just fill in this coupon, cut it out and send it along with whatever else you are sending to **16 SPEC** — and we'll promptly take care of the problem!

NEWSSTAND NEEDING 16's SPEC _____

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Mail coupon to:
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745 Fifth Ave. • New York 10022

COMIN' UP!!!

16's SPEC HAS GONE QUARTERLY!!

THIS MEANS THAT ON JANUARY 9th YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUY 16 SPEC — Winter '68! YOU'LL REALLY GO GOO-GOO WHEN YOU SEE THE GROOVY NEW SPEC GOODIES COMIN' YOUR WAY IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

FAB PIX & SCOOPS ON

DAVY, MICKY, PETER, MIKE!

MARK LINDSAY!

JIM MORRISON!

THE RASCALS!

JAY NORTH!
&
SAJID KHAN!

THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE SUPER-SHARP SURPRIZES THAT'LL WAKE YOU AND SHAKE YOU — SO BE SURE TO PICK UP 16 SPEC — Winter '68 ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JANUARY 9th!

LAST-MINUTE FLASHES!

By GEEGEE

HEY, you **Davy Jones** fans! **Davy** has just opened a brand-new trend-setting clothing store in New York City's Greenwich Village section. It is located at 217 Thompson Street and is called *Zilch I. Zilch I* features everything from groovy boots, pants belts and beads to unique new styles in **Davy's** own favorite kind of shirts – and the clothes are made for *both* girls and boys. For those of you who can't make it to the Village, write to *Zilch I*, 217 Thompson Street, New York, N. Y., for their cool "catalog". Be sure to enclose 25¢ in coin to cover the cost of handling and mailing, and be sure to *print* your name and address *clearly* at the bottom of your letter when you order your *Zilch I* catalog . . . Congrats to our sweet and talented **Lynne Randell** for winning Australia's *Most Popular Girl Singer Of The Year* award – for the *second time* in a row! . . . **Donovan** was the rage of England's Windsor Jazz & Blues Festival. Come and grace us with your serene presence soon, dear friend . . . **Gary Lewis** officially adopted his wife's son John (by a previous marriage) and they are all living happily ever after in Bel Air, Calif. . . . A special welcome to old friends **Bobby Vee** and **Jackie Wilson** as they score again in the top forty. **Bobby's** hit was *Come Back When You Grow Up* and **Jackie's** was *Higher And Higher.*

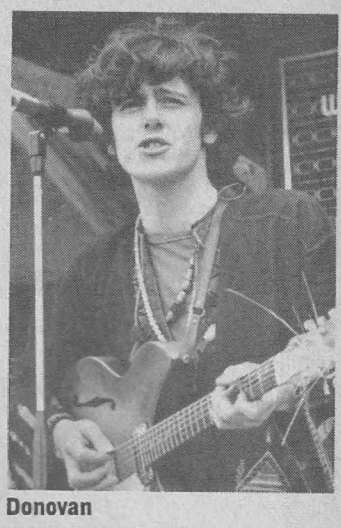
The heavens over New York City blazed recently when two new and brilliantly-exploding comets of stardom met by chance in *16's Spec* office. They were **Chris Crosby** (who is letting his hair *grow,* thank heavens!) and the **Doors'** lead singer **Jim Morrison** (who is *never* going to *stop* letting his hair grow, thank you!) . . . The exciting Leacock-Pennebaker film on **Bob Dylan,** *Don't Look Back,* should have been released in your home town by now. It's a mind-opener and a *don't miss* . **Sally Field** does NOT go steady with, or even date, **Davy Jones!** Her steady is a Calif. college guy whom she has been going with for almost a year . . . Yes, that former group member (now on his own) *is* or *was* married. And another of same just got married. So what? If they choose to keep it private, it's *their* business – so let 'em! . . . Why does the leader of a top rock group (which *16* and *Spec* have avidly supported and boosted over the past two years) allow his press agent to give out super-exclusive, *16*-type pix and interviews to *yuk* mags which print lies and vicious gossip about the afore-*un*mentioned group – and who blatantly copy *16* and *Spec* in stories and style? Maybe that's his way of keeping his group's now fading popularity alive. The fact of the matter is the group's handsome, talented, sweet super-star lead singer is *really* what's keeping the ship from sinking.

Twiggy fully extended the American Indian and English "mini" clothing trends by de-planing at London's Heathrow Airport in a handmade red suede mini-squaw outfit that stopped traffic all the way to Bangkok! . . . **Van Morrison** (who wrote that groovy rock 'n' roll standard *Gloria*), former lead singer with **Them,** went on his own, and his first single for Bang Records, *Brown-Eyed Girl,* was an instant smash. Grab his Bang LP *Blowin' Your Mind.* Itza a winner. You can write to **Van** at Bang Records, 1650 Broadway, Suite 514, New York City 10019 . . . **Peter Noone** shed 20 pounds and is back to his luvable, lean, blue-eyed, boyish self again. Too bad that a couple of pop idols thought **Peter** had a new trend and went and got themselves all puffy and flabby. Like *ugh* – stoppit!!

S'all fer now. See ya' in *16.* December issue goes on sale October 19th.

Chris & Jim

Twiggy

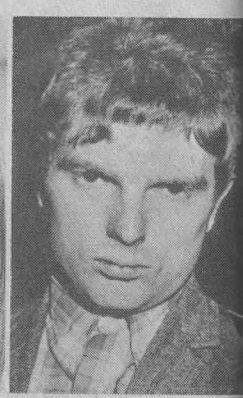


Donovan

Jinky, Grandpa Jerry, John & Gary

Lynne & fave friend

Sally

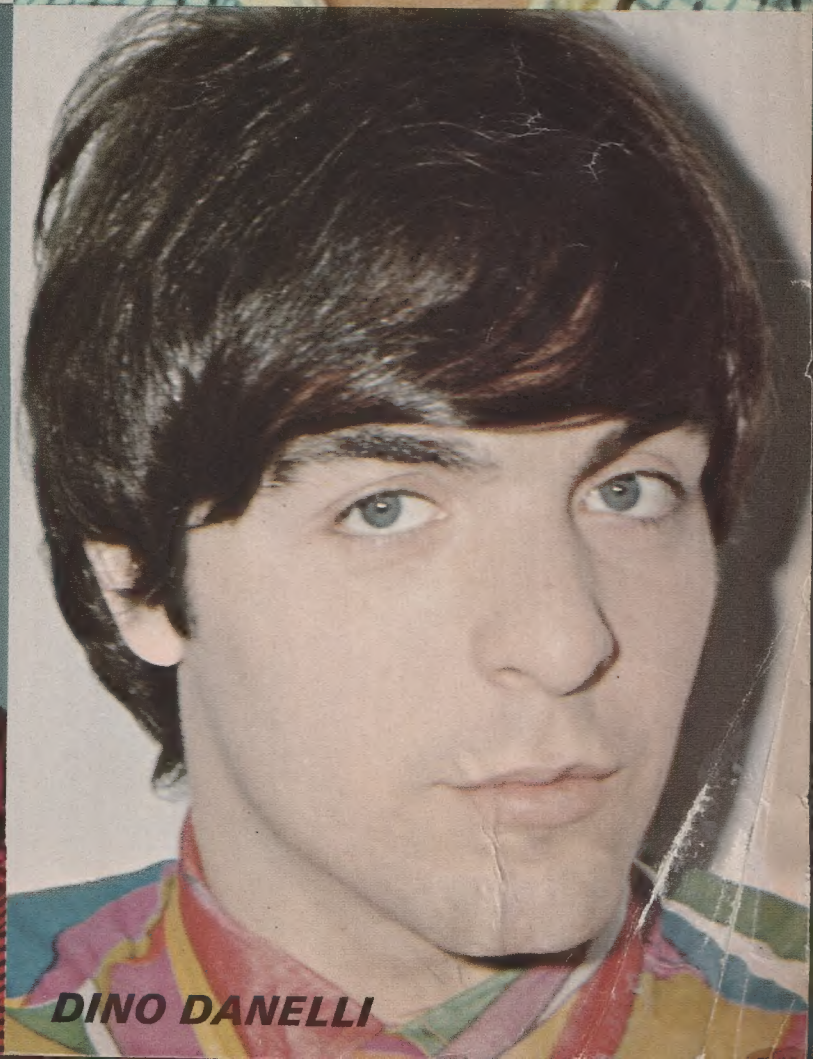


Van

JAY NORTH

JON PROVOST

FRANK CONVERSE



DINO DANELLI